



No. 434.—Vol. XXXIV.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



MISS LOUIE POUNDS, SWEET-VOICED MOLLY O'GRADY IN "THE EMERALD ISLE,"

THE SUCCESSFUL COMIC OPERA AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

THE CLUBMAN.

Paris in May—The Army in Parliament—Army Corps—Red Tape—A Personal Experience.

I AM writing from Paris, and Paris just now is in its best spring dress, though a little more sunshine and a little less east wind might perhaps add to its beauty. The chestnut-trees in the Champs-Élysées are all in bloom, and the green and white is almost dazzling when the sun does strike on it. At Ledoyen's and Laurent's and Paillard's, and the other restaurants in the Champs-Élysées and the Bois, the little tables and the folding-chairs are ready, piled up in heaps on the cold mornings, and on the warm ones set in order on the gravel of the gardens. The Ambassadeurs' and the Eldorado light their hundreds of lamps every evening now, and little crowds collect outside the hedges to listen to a concert which costs them nothing. The Folies-Marigny has put on its boards a dainty "revue," and persuades the Parisians that its little circular strip of promenade is a real out-of-door garden; the Jardin de Paris placards its boards with an announcement that it will open almost at once; all the theatres are playing to full houses, and "Tout Paris," which flies to the country after the Grand Prix, when the tourists invade Paris, is enjoying itself in its own way, which, just now, seems to be in rushing about in automobiles in its own Capital.

Last week was, in the House of Commons, given over to the discussion of Army Corps and recruiting, and it would be amusing to hear the private soldier's remarks on the debate when he reads it, many weeks old, from the weekly paper sent out to him to his camp on the South African veldt or some frontier Indian station. He will find put down for him in beautiful language the reasons which ought to have induced him to enlist, but none of which he probably thought about at all at the time. It was my duty once to ask many hundreds of recruits why they enlisted, and the answer I almost invariably received was, "Dunno, sir. Thought I'd like to do a bit of soldiering," or something very like it. General relief seemed to be felt on both sides of the House when Mr. Wyndham announced that the six Army Corps were to be Army Corps in name and really six centres to take off the shoulders of the overburdened War Office some of its work, each centre having its local Commander-in-Chief and its own great departmental offices. "Army Corps" has become a phrase very familiar in all men's mouths just now, but I do not suppose that one man in a thousand could describe the constitution of an Army Corps, and I am sure that nine out of ten soldiers would consult a book of reference instead of trusting their own memory if asked to give figures and details. "Divisional Troops" and "Corps Troops," Ammunition Columns, Bakeries, Hospitals, Balloon Sections, all have their proper places assigned to them in an Army Corps as it appears on paper, but to find the right place for them without a book at one's elbow would be what the schoolboys call a "twister."

If some of the work is transferred from the War Office to the new centres, no one will feel the relief more than the soldier officials of the War Office. I do not know what the work of the civilian officials of the War Office is, but I do know something of the work the soldiers have to attempt, and it is literally killing. From the great officials down to the youngest attaché, every man works practically all day long, and often part of the night. In some departments the ever-accumulating piles of correspondence beat the men who have to deal with them, simply because those men have not superhuman strength. Many an officer in the War Office works daily until he is so brain-tired that he can do no more, and often enough this daily struggle of mind with matter ends in a breakdown.

In the popular imagination, all the high officials in the War Office rejoice in the miles of red-tape used; as a matter of fact, the life of every high official is a perpetual struggle against red-tape.

As an instance of this, may I tell a little personal story? Twenty-odd years ago, I was sent with a troop of Mounted Infantry to wander about the country north of the Vaal in the neighbourhood of Christiana and Bloemhof, to show the British flag to the Boer squatters in those parts who did not believe that Sir Theophilus Shepstone had taken over the country, and to let the Koraunas and Batlapins and Baralongns know that a change of masters had taken place. I was paymaster and doctor and commissariat officer and chaplain to my troop as well as commanding it, and my orders were not to get into trouble, to join Sir Owen Lanyon, who was campaigning from Kimberley, with my men if he wanted me, and to keep my horses and men well fed and in condition. I bought food as I could, but no squatter Boer would put pen to paper to sign a receipt—for he thought that meant signing away his farm—and a Kaffir asked to make his mark declined to have anything to say to this new witchcraft. This was the sowing of the storm which came a year or more afterwards in a request to pay up a—to a subaltern—large sum of money for bills for food and forage unsupported by vouchers. It looked to me as if I should be compelled to pay, and have, as my only satisfaction, the knowledge that I had fed at my own expense fifty men and horses for many weeks. Luckily, an old soldier came to my aid. "This is only clerk's work," he said, when he read the thunderous epistle; "send an answer which will necessitate its being put before the Head of the Department. Then, when you are called on to explain, tell your story as shortly and clearly as possible." I did as was advised; the matter was disposed of at once, and not only did I not have to pay up the money, but I got a little pat on the back for the work I had done.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Mr. Maclaren and his Team for Australia—Cricketers from the Cape—Fashions in the Park—The Mafeking Anniversary—The Streets Up Again—A New Thing in Pavements—A Blow on the River.

MR. A. C. MACLAREN, the Lancashire Captain, has been invited by Major Wardill, the Secretary of the Melbourne Cricket Club, to visit Australia with an English team at the close of the present season. "I have already replied," he said to a Press representative, "that I will take over a team if possible; but, if I take a team at all, it will have to be a representative one. There should not be any difficulty. I am particularly anxious that the prospective tour will not be regarded by the public as of a speculative nature. It will be on exactly similar lines to that of Mr. A. E. Stoddart's of three years ago."

Meanwhile, we have got the Cape cricketers among us, and some of them are evidently first-class men, from their display in the preliminary matches. One or two of the men can hold a hot catch, and that in itself is a feat worth going some way to see. Tancred is a sort of South African Jessop, and can smite with vigour, even when the bowling is far from bad. There was a regrettable attempt to arouse ill-feeling against these cricketers, which, I am glad to think, has died down. Most of them have done good service in the War, and there was certainly no reason why they should hesitate to come over here now because of the wretched guerilla warfare which some of the irreconcilable Boers and the foreign scoundrels who are with them persist in carrying on.

A look round the West-End and the Park shows me that blacks and whites and greys will be the fashion this year. All the smartest-looking people are wearing them. As soon as the official mourning was over, the shops made a great effort to introduce colours, and the windows were full of gay and startling hues. But it would not do, and now all the windows are full of soft tints and various shades of grey. A few coloured dresses are to be seen about, it is true, but I am informed by one who knows that they are all last year's dresses which their owners are determined to wear out. A shepherd can tell one of his sheep from another, and a woman can tell last year's dresses from those of this season. How they do it, I do not know; but it is evident that they do. I can only stand and wonder.

Last Saturday was the first anniversary of Mafeking Day, when we got the news that the gallant Baden-Powell and his plucky garrison had at last been relieved, and had kept the flag flying to the end in circumstances of peculiar difficulty. To his great credit, "The Man in the Street" welcomed the news with a rare outburst of high spirits. It was all the more creditable to him, as he did not crow over Paardeberg and the defeat and capture of Cronjé, as men of any other nationality would have done. He reserved his manifestations for the relief of his own besieged and the celebration of the triumph of skill, courage, and patience. "The Man in the Street" did not triumph over the downfall of the Boers, however little they may deserve such consideration, and his moderation does him credit. But he would have been a miserable invertebrate had he not cheered his loudest at the relief of Mafeking.

The streets are all up again. I wonder who is the brilliant genius who directs these operations. Fleet Street was up for many months last year, and then was allowed to settle down into a brief period of quiet. But this was too good to last. The trenches are dug up again, and the busiest street in the world for its breadth is once more besieged. Holborn and Oxford Street have been up ever since the century began, and all over London kopjes and dongas are always catching the traveller unawares.

By the way, why have they introduced a novelty in pavements in the Strand? The hoarding has just been cleared away and the pavement put right in front of the Duke of Norfolk's new building, which contains the East Strand Post Office, and is opposite the L.C.C. Picture Gallery. Hitherto, the accepted idea has been for the pavement to slope outwards to the gutter, so that rain might easily drain off into the roadway. The new idea is to have the slope from the kerbstone to the houses, so that when it rains the path becomes like a watercourse. The innovation is certainly most successful in washing the mud off one's boots, but it has its drawbacks, especially if those boots are not quite waterproof. On the whole, I prefer the old style to the new.

The other afternoon, I took a trip down the river to the Commercial Docks on one of the Thames steamboats, and I went for pleasure, not for business. The river was crowded with shipping, and the air was splendidly fresh. I recommend this blow on the river to the jaded "Man in the Street." It will blow the cobwebs out of his head as nothing else in London will.

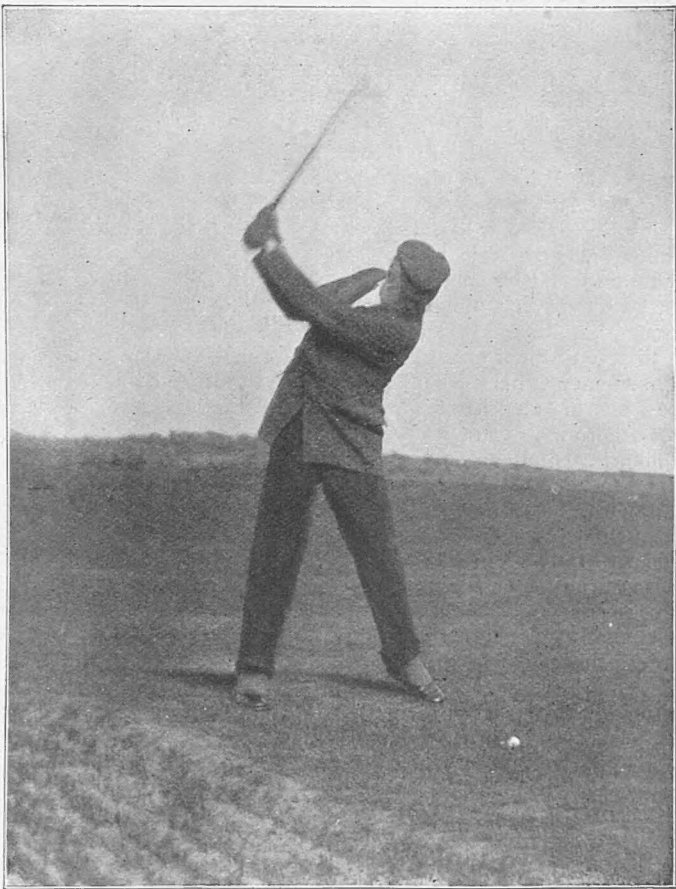
Mistakes will happen, however hard you strive to be accurate. To err is human, and an error was inadvertently committed in last week's Issue. "A Diana of the Goose Pastures," by Mr. G. H. Boughton, R.A., one of the most poetical and beautiful pictures of the year in the New Gallery, was reproduced, and unaccountably described as from the same distinguished painter's Academy painting of "Dreamland." The distinguished Artist merits hearty thanks for excusing the "little error" in the most charming manner.

WHEN THE HOUSE RISES FOR WHITSUNTIDE:

MR. BALFOUR'S DREAM.



"CAREFULLY DOES IT."



"LET HER RIP!"



"CLEAN OVER THE BUNKER!"



"MY GAME, I THINK!"

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For Times, Fares, and Full Particulars see Small Bills, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations and Town Offices.
Euston Station, London: May 1901.
FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

all Great Central Ticket-Offices.
Manchester, May 1901.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The King and Victoria Day.

King Edward never loses an opportunity of proving his veneration for his august mother's memory, and the kingdom cannot better show to its new Sovereign the great affection and respect in which he is held than by celebrating in adequate fashion our late beloved Queen's birthday—Victoria Day, as May 24 will henceforth be known throughout the vast British Empire. The King, who will almost certainly be accompanied by the Queen and by Princess Victoria, by the Duke of Cambridge and Earl Roberts, will on Victoria Day present colours to the 3rd Battalion Scots Guards. The Irish Guards' bandmen will be easily distinguished by the St. Patrick-blue tuft appearing in their bearskins.

An Excellent Scheme.

The Women's Memorial to our late beloved Sovereign is taking excellent shape under the energetic management of Lady Londonderry, Lady Derby, Lady Selborne, and, among those who may justly be styled the Ladies of the Opposition, Lady Tweedmouth, Mrs. Theodore Acland, and Lady Battersea. The theatrical world is ably represented in the Committee by Mrs. Beerbohm Tree; and it would appear as if the Women's Memorial Fund would be far more enthusiastically supported by the public than that which has for object the erection of the much-discussed monument in the Mall. Queen Victoria was intensely interested in the noble profession of nursing, and it would be hard to find a more excellent way of perpetuating the greatest woman Monarch's memory than by placing the admirable Charity known as that of the Queen's Nurses on a thoroughly sound financial basis.

Another Royal Fund.

For the first time a great public assembly of notable people has taken place in the Duke and Duchess of Fife's charming London house, for there, a few days ago, met the General Council of the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund. Among other well-known people present were Lord Rothschild, Lord Farquhar, Lord Iveagh, and Sir Henry Burdett. The King resigned his position of President, accepting, however, that of Patron; and the Duke of Cornwall and York succeeds his august father, and hopes to preside at all future meetings. During the last year of the century, over £50,000 was collected for the Fund.

Winged Good Wishes Across the Sea.

Innumerable good wishes and congratulations will wing their way across the world to greet the Duchess of Cornwall and York on her thirty-fourth birthday. The eldest child of the Duke and Duchess of Teck was born, two days after Queen Victoria had celebrated the completion of her forty-eighth year, in the same old-world London Palace which had been the birthplace of the greatest woman Sovereign the world has ever seen; and the circumstance was surely a happy omen. This is the first time Her Royal Highness has spent her birthday so far away from her large circle of friends and relations, but this fact will only make more numerous the messages sent her.

Levéés and Drawing-Rooms.

The Lord Chamberlain's announcement that there would be no Levées or Drawing-Rooms this year on account of the death of Queen Victoria has caused great dissatisfaction among West-End tradesmen, but it was well known in Court circles that it was intended these functions should be dispensed with.

One of our chief man-milliners told me a couple of months ago that this would be the worst Season since the death of the Prince Consort, but he also prophesied that the Season of 1902 would be the most brilliant within the memory of man. He said that enormous orders are being given for next Season's goods, and that he himself had bought the entire output of one firm of Lyons silk-manufacturers. The lack of Levées also does harm to a particular industry, namely, the gold-lace trade. And gold-lace, as our officers, naval and military, know, is not a cheap commodity.

Resourceful Ranelagh.

Ranelagh, notwithstanding its old-world name and associations, is beginning the New Century well, and there are some attractive items in the long list of fixtures already arranged for by the energetic Secretary of this most popular of Summer Clubs. Even those good folk who only take interest in polo and driving competitions find that these lively functions give them a chance of meeting their friends and being seen by them. Ranelagh is, what Lord Beaconsfield called 'Trentham', an ideal spot for the Dog Days, and the subscription—ten guineas—enables a man hospitably disposed to pay many of those social debts apt to weigh heavily on the mind of a bachelor.

An Indiscreet Warrior.

A military gentleman has just been requested to remove his name from the list of members of one of the Service Clubs. Last year, he wrote an intemperate letter to the Committee, but was forgiven. This year, however, he repeated the offence, and, on being brought before the governing body, he used such strong language about some of them that there was no hope for him. He still belongs to another Service Club, and the members are wondering whether he will tackle their Committee in the same way.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY TO



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK:
BORN MAY 26, 1867.

Photo by Milne, Ballater.

English Art in Berlin.

Mr. F. Brooks' portrait of Mrs. Harford, of the British Embassy (writes my Berlin Correspondent), attracted no small amount of attention while on exhibition here some weeks ago, and is now hanging at the Royal Academy in London. Mr. Brooks has completed a new picture, which, in his opinion, is even better than the above; it is a portrait of Mrs. Carnegie, also of the Berlin Embassy.

German Art in Berlin.

Professor Adolf von Menzel has completed a new picture, called "A Visit to the Malt-works." It represents a factory-owner receiving a visit from a wealthy client who is accompanied by three ladies dressed in very rich attire. The workmen continue their occupation without paying any attention to the visitors. In the foreground is especially noticeable a stoker, who, with a short pipe in his mouth, is feeding the furnace, while nearby stands another working-man with a look of the supremest indifference on his face. The smoky, glowing atmosphere is very well painted. Professor Menzel was eighty-five years old when he painted this picture. Professor Ludwig Manzel has just finished for the Kaiser a relief of religious character, representing a Madonna with Child.

The same Artist has completed a large statue of the Emperor William I., and is working at a statue of Duke William for the town of Brunswick.

The Berlin Ladies' Club.

Berlin boasts a perfectly delightful Ladies' Club, which can hold its own for comfort, elegance, and accommodation against any Club in London or elsewhere. On one day in the year, gentlemen relations and friends of the members are invited to the club-rooms, which are situated, by the way, in the best part of the West-End of Berlin, and there have the honour of being introduced to the members, amongst whom are numbered some of the foremost ladies in German Society. I was fortunate enough (adds *The Sketch* Berlin Correspondent) to be one of those invited on this the fourth anniversary of the founding of this very select Club. The reception-room opens out into a whole series of smaller rooms, comprising, amongst others, a very pretty billiard-room, with a French billiard-table in the centre, beyond which is the smoking-room. An extremely well-supplied reading-room is, perhaps, the most in request amongst the members. The cosy dining- and breakfast-room has a balcony large enough to seat twenty people. The President is Frau Geheimrath von Leyden, wife of the celebrated German physician of that name, and the Vice-President is Frau Geheimrath von Hansemann; while amongst the other members who belong to the Club are Frau von Bülow, wife of the German Imperial Chancellor, Princess Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst, Frau Dr. Schwabach, wife of the English Consul-General, and several English ladies.

Primroses All the Way.

The Primrose League is more flourishing than ever, and among the ladies who have just been elected on to the Executive Committee are two already well known in Conservative circles, namely, Lady Louise Loder—the charming and clever wife of the Member for Brighton and sister to the best-looking of our bachelor Dukes, His Grace of St. Albans—and Mrs. Evelyn Cecil, perhaps the best amateur gardener in the kingdom. Mrs. Cecil, who is a daughter of Lord Amherst of Hackney, is a painter as well as a gardener, for, shortly after her return from South Africa, where she accompanied Mr. Evelyn Cecil after their marriage, she exhibited some extremely clever sketches of the Transvaal, many having a sad topical interest in view of the South African Campaign. Lord Howe, who is now Chancellor of the Primrose League, is, of course, better known under his old name of Lord Curzon; he and his wife, once Lady Georgiana Churchill, have just gone through an exceptionally busy year, both of them having given up almost the whole of their time and energies to military affairs, Lady Howe devoting herself to supervising the arrangements concerning the admirably managed Yeomanry Hospital.

An Interesting Coming-of-Age.

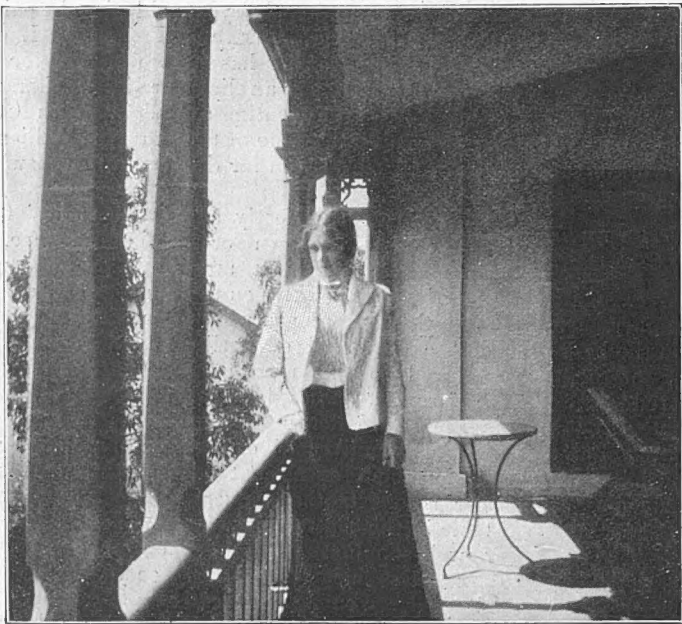
Lord Howard de Walden, who came of age recently, succeeded his father only two years ago. He was one of the first and most youthful of the elder sons to volunteer for "the Front," and received the news of his father's death just after he had started for South Africa. Lord Howard de Walden is very like his beautiful mother, who looks scarcely older than her son. The young Peer lately purchased the splendid historic mansion in Grosvenor Square once the property of the late Madame de Falbe, and where she gave so many Royal dinner-parties. Lord de Walden and his mother should prove interesting additions to the world of entertainers. Although he is, of course, one of the greatest *partis* in the Upper House, he is said to be, as yet, quite fancy-free; doubtless it will not be long before he joins the Benedicts. Early marriages seem to have become the fashion, and nowadays a coming-of-age often heralds an engagement.

The Sculptor of the King's Statue in Kelvingrove Park.

Mr. Albert Hodge, the sculptor of the statue of the King under the dome of the principal entrance to the Glasgow Exhibition, has his studio at West Kensington, where he established himself recently. Mr. Hodge received all his early art-training in Glasgow, where he was engaged for a short time in architectural work. At South Kensington he won gold, silver, and bronze medals, and had the distinction of taking the first prize in architectural design in the United Kingdom. The commission for the King's statue was in Mr. Hodge's hands for barely two months. The figure stands eighteen feet high, and it is generally agreed that the young sculptor has succeeded in his purpose of giving His Majesty, enrobed as a Field-Marshal, a dignified yet alert pose. Shortly after the inception of the Exhibition, Mr. Hodge was commissioned to execute all the figure-work decoration, and it does not require expert knowledge to estimate in an approximately accurate degree the amount of skill and labour involved in such an undertaking. No one will be surprised to learn that Mr. Hodge, who is singularly boyish-looking, has many important commissions on hand.

The Romance of Mrs. Pretorius.

The War has brought its romances to the Boer families as well as to our own. The pretty girl whose portrait I reproduce on this page is Mrs. Pretorius, wife of the famous Boer General. The young lady was married at



MRS. PRETORIUS, WIFE OF THE FAMOUS BOER GENERAL.

five o'clock in the morning, and two hours later her soldier-husband had to leave his bride to go on commando. It is not men only who bear the hardships of war.

A Typical Irish Peeress.

The Countess of Fingall, although her marriage took place eighteen years ago, may still well claim to be one of the youngest-looking as well as one of the loveliest of Irish Peeresses. The head of the Plunkett family is Roman Catholic—indeed, one of his uncles, Rev. the Hon. William Plunkett, is a distinguished cleric of that Church—and the Earl's



THE COUNTESS OF FINGALL, ONE OF THE MOST ACTIVE MEMBERS OF THE VICEREGAL COURT IN IRELAND.

Photo by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

marriage to Miss "Daisy" Burke occurred just after she had left her convent-school; but, notwithstanding her youth, the new mistress of Killeen Castle soon won her way to a distinct place in Irish Society, and she has been the chosen friend of successive Vice-Reines, taking as she does the keenest and most practical interest in every form of Irish industry. Lady Fingall had been married nine years before took place the birth of her first child, now a winsome little damsel nine years old. The appearance of Lord Killeen, four years later, was hailed with great rejoicing in County Meath. Now, Lord and Lady Fingall are the parents of four children, two sons and two daughters. They are both very fond of outdoor life and sport, and, though Lady Fingall often spends a portion of the Season in London, she is devoted to her native country and is one of the most active members of the Viceregal Court, to which, by the way, her husband is attached in an official capacity.

Gladstone Park.

Dollis Hill and its charming grounds, extending to ninety acres, recently acquired by the Willesden District Council for a public park, and already known as Gladstone Park, which Lord Rosebery has consented to open on Saturday, possess a special interest to all who revere the memory of William Ewart Gladstone, for in the quietude of Dollis Hill, when it was tenanted by his friend the Earl of Aberdeen, the distinguished statesman made brief sojourns during his later Parliamentary Sessions. After Lord Aberdeen's tenure of Dollis Hill, the place was occupied for some time by Sir Hugh Gilzean Reid, who cancelled his lease when it became known that the house and estate were desired as a memorial of Mr. Gladstone. The house was the scene of numerous gatherings of distinguished persons, and it is of interest to recall that one of the last notables entertained at Dollis Hill was Mark Twain, who spent some time there as Sir H. Gilzean Reid's guest before returning to America.

Madame Melba.

Opera-goers have learnt with much pleasure that Madame Melba has returned to London, after a highly successful tour in America, with her unrivalled voice unimpaired. The incomparable prima donna Melbourne gave birth to will be at home at 30, Great Cumberland Place, for the Season. Since her arrival in London, she has consented, we must all rejoice to learn, to sing in a few operas at Covent Garden.

The Premier's Return.

The Prime Minister has returned to the Parliamentary arena, and everyone is discussing his health. He is, indeed, in good spirits, and is as combative, politically, as ever, but all observers note with regret that he has aged since his illness. The difficulty of hearing him in the House of Lords has greatly increased. Evidently he lacks the power to speak for a long time in an audible voice. His beard has grown whiter, and there is less force in his eye. Within a few days of Lord Salisbury's return home, he became once more a grandfather, Lady Edward Cecil presenting the Premier's soldier-son, one of the heroes of Mafeking, with a little daughter, who will, in all probability, be christened Georgiana, after the late Lady Salisbury.

Mr. Winston Churchill a Second Lord Randolph.

If Mr. Winston Churchill's head is not turned by flattery, his career as a Parliamentarian will be the most brilliant of the present House of Commons. His speech on the Army Reform scheme surpassed the expectations of those who heard and admired his earlier efforts. It has been praised more effusively by Liberals than by Unionists, because it was unfriendly to the scheme, but all parties are agreed now that Lord Randolph Churchill's son has inherited his genius. He has not yet his father's breadth of view or gladiatorial skill, but he is lighter in style; he is equally ready, he has the same facility in phrase-making, and he is quite as ambitious and audacious. Already he is so much at home in the House that he can think on his feet. No other man of twenty-seven in our time has taken the position held to-day by Mr. Churchill.

Young Army Critics.

The Army debate brought more than one young man to the front. Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, the Conservative member for South Hants, who is only thirty-three, justified the high reputation he made as a Military Professor in Canada and as an Attaché at Washington by the incisiveness of his criticism. His pale, rather sallow face is very familiar now below the Ministerial gangway. It is the face of a man with brains. On the other side, Captain Freeman-Thomas, who is thirty-four, delighted the House with the shrewd, caustic remarks which he uttered in an easy, off-hand manner. He is a grandson of the first Lord Hampden, the Speaker, and is married to a daughter of Lord Brassey. Mr. John Morley, who does not spend much time in the House, listened to Captain Freeman-Thomas's speech and was greatly pleased. The Captain has been chiefly known hitherto as a cricketer, but apparently he has inherited Parliamentary ability.



MR. ROSSI ASHTON, WAR CORRESPONDENT, ARTIST, AND ENTERTAINER.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



MISS SUZANNE SHELTON, THE BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN ACTRESS ENGAGED TO MR. HERBERT SLEATH.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

in Character Drawings, Mr. Rossi Ashton has also had experience as a professional entertainer, besides his record as a Foreign and War Correspondent of the Press. It was during the inception of the Australian Artists' Association in '81 that he first developed that talent for rapid drawing in public which has since won for him admiration at the Sports' Club, Bon-Frères Club, and at numberless London Smoking Concerts. Mr. Ashton's abilities in this direction have gained for him remunerative engagements likewise at "the Halls." The board used is of the Artist's own contrivance, and the three colours employed are also of home manufacture.

Rear-Admiral Sir William Dyke Acland.

His Majesty on Wednesday last received at Marlborough

House the new Second-in Command of the Channel Squadron, Rear-Admiral Sir William Alison Dyke Acland (of whom a portrait is given on page 183). This gallant Admiral has not been so fortunate as some officers in opportunities for seeing active service, but he has had none the less a very distinguished career. Entering the Navy at the early age of fourteen, he has gone through all the grades to his present high position as Rear-Admiral of Britain's first and most important line of defence. A "Handy Man" afloat and ashore, his only experience of actual fighting was as Attaché to the Chilean Army in the war with Peru some twenty years ago. In this campaign, however, he so distinguished himself that he was mentioned in despatches and received a gold medal with two clasps. In the early part of his career he saw service in the Royal Yacht and the *Excellent*, and subsequently was employed in Australian waters in planning the naval defences of Sydney and other ports. In 1883 he was Deputy Commissioner for the Western Pacific, and later, in command of H.M.S. *Australia*, he went

to Havre to do honour to the late President of the French Republic, who decorated him with the Legion of Honour. Five years ago he was appointed Aide-de-Camp to her late Majesty. Sir William succeeded his father, Sir Henry Wentworth Dyke Acland—the famous physician who accompanied King Edward on his memorable American visit—in the latter part of last year. Like most Jack Tars, he is a good all-round sportsman.

Dr. Alexander Morrison, of the Scotch College, Melbourne, who presided and welcomed the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York at the representative gathering of school-children in the Australian Capital on May 14, is the *doyen* of educationists in the Colony. It is over forty years since Dr. Morrison, one of a remarkable group of four brothers, each of whom, through indomitable pluck and innate gifts, rose to distinction in the educational world, left this country and went to Australia.



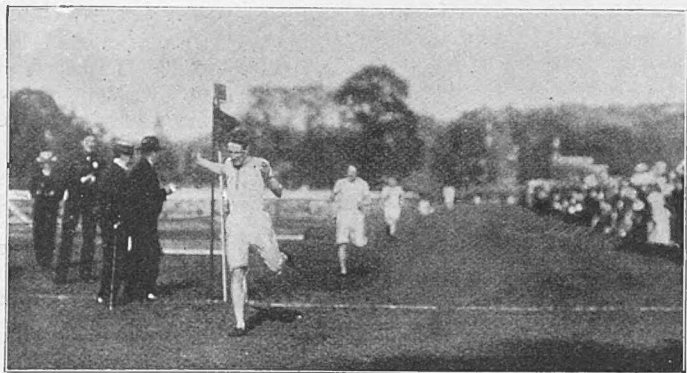
MISS RUBY FOSTER, A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG ACTRESS IN MR. BENSON'S COMPANY.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

Rossi Known in *The Sketch* Ashton. and in other illustrated papers as an Artist who delights

Sandhurst Beats Woolwich Again.

I am sure many of *The Sketch* military readers will be interested in the accompanying snapshot of the finish of one of the races between the athletic representatives of Sandhurst and Woolwich Military Schools at Woolwich. The photograph shows the finish of the Quarter-Mile Race, which N. R. L. Chance (Woolwich) won with ease, beating T. S. Whitworth



N. R. L. Chance (winner).

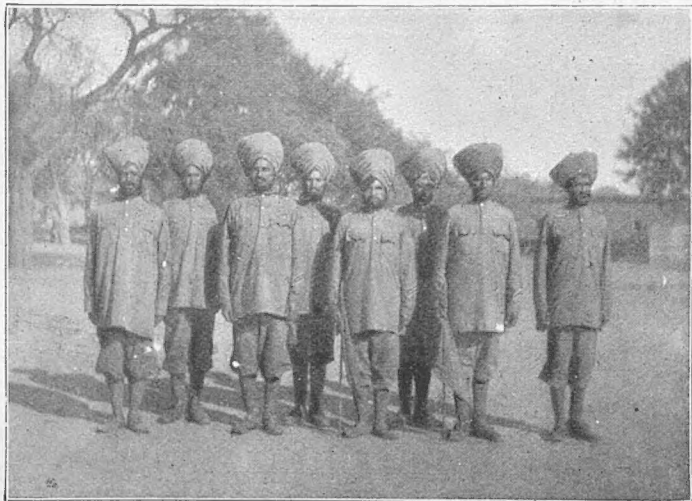
ATHLETICS AT WOOLWICH ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY: WOOLWICH v. SANDHURST—FINISH OF THE QUARTER-MILE.

of Sandhurst by ten yards; time, according to the *Sportsman*, 54½ sec. Chance also won the Hundred Yards; time, 10½ sec. L. C. Wagstaff (Sandhurst) won the Mile (4 min. 47½ sec.) and Two Miles (10 min. 21½ sec.). Sandhurst still holds possession of the Shield, scoring six wins to three.

Additions to the Indian Army.

Sanction has been recently given to the raising of several new battalions of Native Infantry in India, by which means other battalions will be available for Colonial garrison work, thus relieving British troops required elsewhere. The photographs here reproduced show the 47th Sikhs, one of these new regiments now being raised at Sialkôte, in the Punjab. The Sikhs have, as most people know, been ever famous for their personal bravery, their greatest leader during the Sikh War, Ranjit Singh, having been a noble example. They are, perhaps, acknowledged to be the best fighting material in India, and have most worthily upheld their great traditions and reputation in the severe fighting which has taken place of late years on the North-West Frontier. The 47th Sikhs is to consist of what will be known as "short" Sikhs—that is to say, the average or standard height of the regiment will be from five feet four inches to five feet seven inches, and thus a new lot will be tapped, and it is anticipated there will be no difficulty in raising any number of this class, all of excellent physique and fighting qualities. It is expected that a new departure will take place in this corps in the matter of dress, the officers being dressed as far as possible like the men. In peace-time and in cantonment they will wear the long blouse, with "loongi" or puggarie wound round the waist, and puggaries like those worn by the men. The men will wear the Sikh quito on their puggaries. The British officers have been specially selected from various corps and posted to the new regiment. They are all young, keen, and full of vigour, and the younger ones have already commenced to teach the Sepoys English games, such as hockey, &c. It is fully anticipated that within two years Colonel Walker will see the fruits of his labours in a regiment that will be second to none and fit to go anywhere and fight anybody. The motto of the regiment is "Sāt Soi Akāl"—that is, "In the name of God"—the favourite war-cry of the Sikh.

Theatrical Losses. It does not do to make specific statements, but I am told, on reasonable authority, that from Christmas to Easter certain theatrical Managers who carry on business not a hundred miles from Charing Cross lost more thousands of pounds than



TYPES OF THE 47TH SIKHS.

they made during the whole of last year. And the worst of it is that there seems to be but small chance of their recouping themselves, as there will be no Season, for everybody is going out of town. This turn of affairs has had a disastrous effect on the theatrical profession, I am sorry to say, and actors and actresses are eagerly taking engagements with touring companies at half their usual salaries. And, despite the noble ladies who pat Mr. Ernest Schenk on the back, I shall be surprised if the Crystal Palace Show does well. Earl's Court has a far better chance of success.

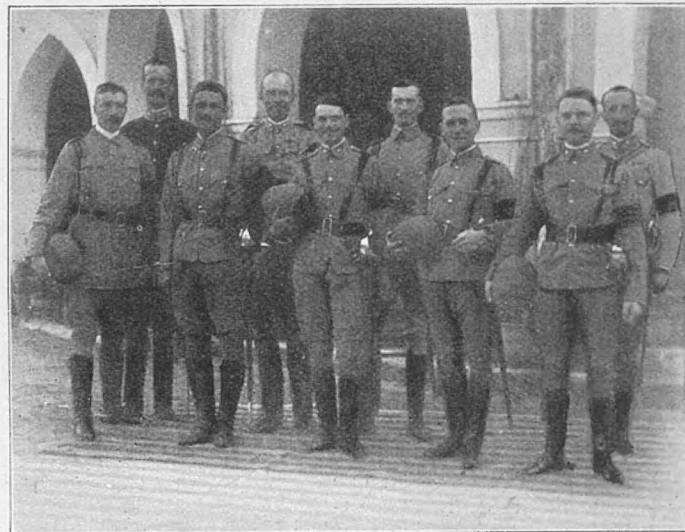
Romano's Restaurant.

There is considerable curiosity among *bon-viveurs* as to the future proprietor of the Café Vaudeville, better known as "Romano's," in the Strand. I understand that there are two leading competitors for the business—the one, Mr. Joseph Lyons, of world-wide fame; the other, Mr. "Teddy" Bayley, of the Hôtel Folkestone, at Boulogne. The restaurant is, no doubt, an excellent property, with a reputation second to none; at the same time, there is a heavy mortgage on the freehold, and the "Roman" himself was a considerable asset in the establishment.

Hôtel Dieudonné.

The West-End is fast being commandeered by Italian restaurateurs of extraordinary acumen and ability. The Hôtel and Restaurant Dieudonné, in Ryder Street, St. James's, famous with a past generation for its unrivalled cellar and cuisine, has, under the admirable management of Mr. C. Guffanti, so far enhanced its popularity that the enterprising proprietor has been compelled to enlarge his premises, and his beautifully re-decorated rooms, public and private, may be pronounced the perfection of elegance and comfort, whilst the *chef* remains unsurpassed. The Dieudonné, in fine,

Capt. Morton. Lieut. Fellowes (Adjt.). Lieut. White. Major Holland.



Lieut.-Col. Walker (Commanding). Lieut. Browne. Second-Lieut. Hogge. Lieut. Boyce-Combe. Lieut. Bird.

OFFICERS OF THE 47TH SIKHS.

is the place for lunch, dinner, and supper. *Ce n'est pas l'habit qui fait le moine*; but the veriest monk would be a St. Anthony if he pinned his faith to the glorious vintage of Lemoine at Dieudonné's.

Mr. Carnegie's Gift to Glasgow.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has not only visited the Glasgow Exhibition while resident at Knockderry Castle, Cove, Dumbartonshire, but, while entertaining Glasgow's Lord Provost, Samuel Chisholm, there, he handed him a very interesting letter. This letter, which was read at the last meeting of Council, contained an offer to the Corporation of £100,000 for branch libraries. In the letter, Mr. Carnegie recalled the fact that it was just fifty-two years since his parents, with their two little boys, sailed from the Broomielaw for New York in the barque *Wiscassett*, 808 tons. This sailing-vessel was forty-two days on the voyage to New York.

Mr. Carnegie has since crossed the Atlantic more than fifty times, under vastly more luxurious conditions. Glasgow has on more than one occasion, like Edinburgh before it, received the gift of £50,000 from Mr. Carnegie, but declined to adopt the Free Libraries Act. But some time ago a Bill was passed empowering the Corporation to start District Libraries. There are already three large Free Libraries in the city—the Mitchell Library, Baillie's Library, and Sterling's Library. The first two do not lend books for home-reading, and the last requires a small subscription. Mr. Carnegie, in making his gift, says that Glasgow has done so much in municipal affairs to educate other cities that he finds it a privilege to help her. "Let Glasgow flourish—so say we all of us Scotsmen throughout the world," is Mr. Carnegie's concluding sentiment. *The Sketch* cordially echoes the sentiment.

A Forthcoming Divorce.

A sensational divorce case is about to be heard, there being no less than four co-respondents. The lady, a dame of high degree, against whom the action is brought has already been divorced once, her present husband being the "co" on the last occasion, so it is alleged.

A Quiet Wedding. Very quietly, on Wednesday last, Mr. Geoffrey William Millais, son of the late Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., President of the Royal Academy, and Miss Madeline Grace, daughter of Colonel Grace, I.S.C., of Tunbridge Wells, were married at St. Mary Abbott Church, Kensington, by the Rev. Canon Somerset Pennefather, the Vicar. Only a few near relations of the bride and bridegroom were present at the ceremony, and the young and pretty bride was married in her travelling-dress of cream-coloured cloth, trimmed with white chiffon and lace, and a large white hat adorned with ostrich-plumes. Mr. Grellier acted as best man, but the bride was unattended by either bridesmaids or pages, and directly after the ceremony the happy pair departed for Christchurch, Hants, for a short honeymoon before returning to Kashmir, where the bridegroom holds an appointment. Mr. Millais is the heir-presumptive to his nephew, Sir John Everett Millais, Bart. (named after his distinguished grandfather), who will be thirteen years of age in November, and is a great-nephew of the Earl of Cork and a cousin of the Earl of Hopetoun on his mother's side.

The Opera. Though opera-goers may regret the disappearance for the Season, on account of the Court mourning, of the large royal-box in which the Princess of Wales used to be the cynosure of every eye, and many also miss the prompt-side omnibus-box from the corner of which the King, as Prince, usually listened to his favourite operas, yet, on the other hand, the enterprising Syndicate has good reason to look forward to a prosperous season at Covent Garden. Lord and Lady de Grey had the satisfaction of seeing a well-filled house on the opening night, when Madame Eames, who was in admirable voice, infused a judicious amount of warmth into the part of Juliette, and M. Saléza sang admirably as Roméo, and the general performance was of great merit. Mancinelli conducted with accustomed spirit. "Hänsel und Gretel" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" were similarly appreciated the second night. With Herr Lohse as Conductor, a grand performance of "Tannhäuser" ensued—Van Dyck splendid as ever in the title-rôle; Madame Gadsby's Elisabeth sympathetic; the Wolfgram of M. Mohwinkel, Venus of Miss Strakosch, and Madame Sobrino, Mr. Coates, M. Muhlmann, and M. Blass all worthy of praise. Welcome on Thursday night were the melodies of Verdi's "Rigoletto," as rendered by the excellent orchestra under M. Flon's guidance, and with Madame Suzanne Adams (portrayed with Madame Eames and other operatic "stars" in last week's *Sketch*), Mdlle. Olitzka, the ever-useful Madame Bauermeister, M. Journet, M. Gilibert, M. Anselmi, and M. Seveilhac in the principal parts. With

"Faust," "Tristan und Isolde," and repetitions of the former operas to follow, M. Messenger and the Conductors had their hands full, and one and all deserve great credit for the results achieved.

Academy Lecture Sculpture. In the Room of the Royal Academy, to the right of the Central Hall—in which is enshrined Onslow Ford's magnificent bronze and marble Memorial of Her late Majesty for Manchester—will be found many most interesting works of Art which yield substantial proofs that sculpture ought to be more heartily encouraged than it is in this country. Visitors do not fail to admire Brock's vivid marble bust of Queen Victoria (No. 1820), and numberless other exquisitely finished masterpieces. Among the most commanding statues is Mr. Goscombe John's of the late Duke of Devonshire, whose

the bust of Mr. N. Denholm Davis (No. 1744), by Mr. Mortimer Brown, is distinctly notable, and, indeed, deserves praise for the powerful individuality that stamps it.

The New Bishop of Oxford. To all Churchmen, and particularly to Oxford men, the news of the appointment of the Very Rev. Francis Paget, D.D., Dean of Christ Church, to the See of Oxford will be very welcome. Dr. Stubbs' successor, who is fifty years of age, is the second son of the late Sir James Paget and



THE VERY REV. FRANCIS PAGET, D.D., DEAN OF CHRIST CHURCH, WHO HAS JUST BEEN APPOINTED TO THE BISHOPRIC OF OXFORD.

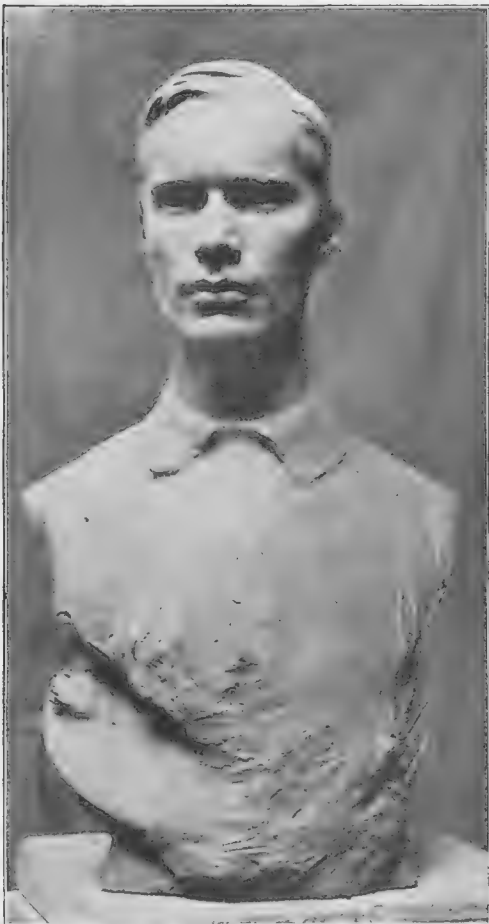
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

brother of the present Baronet. He married the eldest daughter of the late Dean Church, of St. Paul's, and was left a widower last year. It was while he was a student of Christ Church that he won the Hertford Scholarship in 1871, and the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse in the same year. He took a first-class in Moderations and in Classics, and was a tutor at the same College from 1876 to 1883.

From 1878 to 1891, Dr. Paget was examining chaplain to the Bishop of Ely, and from 1882 to 1885 held the Vicarage of Bromsgrove. He was Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology and Canon of Christ Church from 1885 to 1892, and has been Dean of Christ Church since the latter year. Dr. Paget is the last man in the world to push himself forward, and, for that reason alone, he is not particularly well known to the general public. But Oxford men, whether Dons, tutors, or undergraduates, have learnt to respect him as a Churchman, admire him as a scholar, and love him as a man.

Sir Hector Macdonald and the King.

Major-General Sir Hector Macdonald, K.C.B., who was knighted by the King and invested with the Order of the Bath (Military Division) at Marlborough House on May 14th, has barely had time, during his brief visit to England, to see any of his friends or relatives; and he was reluctantly compelled to forego the pleasure of receiving the Freedom of Dundee and accepting the sword of honour which its citizens had arranged to present him with. All sections of military men are particularly gratified at the honour the King has conferred on the distinguished soldier, whose Army record has unquestionably proved an incentive to the youths in the neighbourhood where Sir Hector passed his early years to join the ranks. This is made clear by the fact that, when the desire of Lord Kitchener and the War Office that two additional companies of Highland Scouts should be raised was made known a couple of weeks ago, no fewer than nine hundred and fifty at once offered their services. Sir Hector was off to India to take up his new command the day after His Majesty conferred the honour of knighthood on him.



BUST OF MR. DENHOLM DAVIS, BY MORTIMER BROWN, IN THE SCULPTURE ROOM (No. 1714) OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Photo by Ritchie, Brompton Road, S.W.

noble services to Eastbourne will be commemorated by the erection of this grand bronze monument of that philanthropic nobleman in the delightful Sussex Health Resort which owes its existence in a great degree to his liberality and far-seeing wisdom. For strong character,

*A Munificent
Gift from the
Crystal Palace.*

To be opened by Earl Roberts to-morrow, May 23, the Naval and Military Exhibition at the Crystal Palace promises to be a grand and martial commemoration of the Jubilee of the first Great International Exhibition in 1851, which was intended by its originator, Prince Albert, to inaugurate the reign of Peace—but didn't. A handsome share of the profits will be handed over to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, the funds of which are to be increased by a noble gift from the public-spirited Directors of the Crystal Palace—no less than 50,000 guinea season-tickets, to be sold for the benefit of this deserving Charity. Whilst wishing the Crystal Palace Naval and Military Exhibition every success, and without the slightest desire to say a word that might injure the aforesaid benevolent institution, in which Queen Alexandra evinces the deepest interest, I cannot refrain from giving expression to the widespread feeling of regret and astonishment that the gold stored up by the Patriotic Fund is not more freely disbursed to ameliorate the sad lot of the women made widows and the children made orphans by the War in South Africa.

*The Glasgow
Exhibition.*

Everything is going on merrily at the Glasgow Exhibition, which has been favoured with brilliant weather. On the second Saturday after the opening there was a record attendance of 135,895, which is 98,000

he has done to the full. But Natal cannot spare the officer so well known in that Colony as "handsome Jack" and "honest Jack," and, to mark its sense of his worth, he has been selected for "important work." But probably he will never do more splendid service than he did at the outset of the War, when, after Glencoe, he guided General Yule's little army in its retreat on Ladysmith, and in the long siege did so much, not only by his advice and intimate knowledge of the country, but with his gallant Colonials, to render the defence practicable.

*A Veteran of
Boomplaats.*

General Sir Edward Alan Holdich, K.C.B., who entered the other day on his eightieth year, can not alone claim to be one of the few survivors of the Sutlej Campaign of fifty-five years ago, but, what at the present time is even more interesting, in that series of eventful actions—including Aliwal and Sobraon—he was the famous Sir Harry Smith's Aide-de-Camp, and at Boomplaats in the far-off Boer Campaign of 1848 he was in the same capacity with the General who gave his name to "Harry-smith." In the Kaffir War two years later he served with his old chief, and in 1853 he fought with the 80th in the Burmese War. With the same regiment he served during the Mutiny, and in 1869 he succeeded Sir Alfred Horsford as Brigadier in command on the Nepal frontier. For his services in the capture of various Rebel leaders and a large body of mutineers, he was thanked by the Government, and, later, was appointed

UP-TO-DATE SNAPSHOTS AT EARL'S COURT MILITARY EXHIBITION.



THE BRITISH MILITARY TABLEAU.



THE FRENCH MILITARY TABLEAU.



ENTERING THE "CANTON RIVER" WATER-MAZE.



THE CHINESE DRAGON-CAR.

higher than the second Saturday of the previous Exhibition. The Yacht-Racing Committee have reported that *Shamrock II.* and the yawl *Sybarita* have been entered for the big races to take place on the Clyde on June 7 and 8. The German Emperor has promised to send the *Meteor*; and Sir Thomas Lipton *Shamrock I.* The much-talked-of visit of the Channel Fleet is also likely to come off this summer, and the "Handy Men" are to be admitted free to the Exhibition. M. Witte, the Russian Minister of Finance, has sent his sincere congratulations to Lord Blythswood on the occasion of the opening, and also expressed his gratitude for what was being done in the interests of the Russian Section. The Water Chute is now working and is patronised by thousands, while the daily concerts are very popular.

"Handsome Jack." Colonel Sir John Dartnell, K.C.B., C.M.G., who has just resigned his post as Commander of the Natal Colonial Forces at "the Front," and who has served throughout the War—from its earliest actions in Natal down to the recent operations round Paul Pietersdorp—has well earned his "K.C.B." As Earl Roberts well observed, he has "maintained the best traditions of H.M. Regular Forces, to which he formerly belonged." In the early stages of the long campaign *The Sketch* drew attention to his appointment from being Chief Constable to be Commander of troops on active service, and predicted that he would distinguish himself. This

by Lord Clyde (Sir Colin Campbell) Deputy-Adjutant-General in India. In 1875, when Lieutenant-General, he was appointed Colonel of the 57th Foot, now the 1st Duke of Cambridge's Own Middlesex Regiment, but four years ago he was transferred to the Lancashire Fusiliers—a regiment which has greatly distinguished itself in South Africa, and the one-time "East Devonshires" may well be proud of their Colonel.

Dogs of War.

The latest recruit to the British Army is the Outpost Dog. In various Continental Armies the dog has been trained to do "sentry-go" for some time past, but it is only now that in the British Army his value is being recognised. Thus the "Green Howards" (Yorkshire Regiment) at "the Front" have lately been ordered to provide two or three dogs for each company, and, "as there were none in store, cur's of high and low degree had to be impressed." However, even with these, the Yorkshires say they feel doubly secure when on picket duty. The Germans are far ahead of us in this respect, for not only do they use dogs as sentries, but, as recorded some time ago in *The Sketch*, these intelligent animals are trained to search for the wounded, and have strapped about them stimulants to be administered in case of need. The barrack-dog is a well-known feature in the British Army, and he is taught by "Tommy" to do all sorts of clever tricks, so there should be little difficulty in teaching him to become a useful auxiliary and friend in need in time of war.

A Gymkhana at Compiègne.

French Society (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*) has started its season of country sports brilliantly with a Gymkhana at Compiègne. The Gymkhana is quite new in France, where the development of English games in which women take part is revolutionising the life of the châteaux. The sensational feature was a race with animals held in leash by ladies. Horses, mules, dogs, and cats were excluded. The Princess



MISS PEARLE LYNDON AS "SAN TOY," ON TOUR.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

de Lucinge-Faucigny entered a baby lion. Madame Fournier-Sarlovèze held in leash a scarabée. This last had to be hunted for in the grass, in which it had disappeared, and was the means of delaying the start. The race was won by Madame Outrey with a cock-a-doodle-doo, while Mdlle. Violet-Barton came in second with a goose, followed by the Baroness de la Motte with a goat. The tortoise of the Baroness de Berckheim, which started favourite, came in fourth. The lion was nowhere.

Baron Henri de Rothschild is the latest champion in the automobile world. On a bet made with the Baron de Knyff

to cover seventy kilomètres inside 1 hr. 6 min., he made seventy-seven kilomètres in 1 hr. 5 min. 25 sec., winning not only his bet, but the race against other participants. He is the well-known physician and hygienist, and is at the head of one of the hospitals; he gives a series of popular lectures every winter on hygiene, and all that he earns is turned over to the poor.

The Discomfiture of a Mæcenas.

Count Bozon de Talleyrand-Perigord is another motor-carist *enragé*. M. de Talleyrand instituted a prize cup for the annual winner who should make the distance Paris-Rouen and return, one hundred and seven kilomètres, in two hours. He forgot to consider what might become of the people whom his champion should encounter on the road. The first winner of the cup ran down a mounted soldier, and the trooper demanded sixty thousand francs damages; and the Ministry of War is demanding indemnity for the loss of its man; and M. de Talleyrand is being pursued as an "accomplice in the *quasi-délit* of having caused a dangerous wound by imprudence."

An Automobile Regatta.

Automobile yachting is the newest French sporting craze, and it will be greatly developed this season. French sportsmen own a whole fleet of automobile yachts. They held a first regatta on the Seine last year. The crack petroleum-yacht, the *Mercedes*, ten mètres long, with thirty-five horsepower, makes thirty kilomètres an hour. Evidently this is not fast when compared with a road-motor, and there remains always the problem of the resistance of the water to solve. French sportsmen seem to be making up for lost time. Certain of them could be cited who spend the morning in a motor-car, the afternoon in a petroleum-canoe, and the night in a balloon.

To Sea in a Balloon.

Count Henri de la Vaulx is the champion balloonist of France. He is Vice-President of the Aërostatic Club, and it was he that took off the first-prizes at the Paris Exposition balloon-races last summer. He is now preparing to cross the Mediterranean in a balloon. The French Marine Ministry has taken the matter under its patronage, and will order a cruiser to follow the track of the balloon.

The New Galatea. "La Parisienne" died of a broken heart, and cynics who have doubted the story of Pygmalion and Galatea are put to rout. When she was placed over the Porte Monumentale of the Exhibition, she was insulted and jeered at, and the more ribald suggested that she should be pulled down and flung into the Seine. That was hard for a statue to bear in silence, but she bore it in silence, and smiled on the millions of visitors who passed before her eyes. She had one admirer, certainly; but he happened to be a raving lunatic, and no one knew of his existence till the closure. Then it was found that some poor idiot had hidden all day long under the tent that her robe provided, and scaled down like a Jekyll at night to plunder for his next day's food. I saw her placed in the huge twenty-six-feet-long case that was to have taken her to Hungary. She was haggard and worn, and the famous cloak was

worn-out. Her heart broke, though, when they placed her on a haulier's van, and silently she reduced herself into dust. *De profundis.*

A Novel Joke.

I went down to the Île de la Grande Jatte for a row last week (adds my Paris Correspondent), and the patron of the Moulin Rouge—that cabaret of tragic duelling memory—told me that the establishment had latterly become the headquarters for an up-to-date joke. In the early dawn, carriages streamed up to the door filled with the fashionable night-birds of both sexes from Maxim's and Paillard's. The ladies were pale and shivering, and took a nip of brandy to brace up their nerves. "To think that such a trifle as that should lead to a duel!"—and, at the mere prospect, they almost fainted. The principals glared at one another and refused anything short of Army ordnance revolvers. Then, "Un! deux!! trois!!!" and flame and smoke. Loud laughter on the part of the men, and even the Parisienne was mollified over a déjeuner in the open air at the "spoof" that had been played on her.

Boers in China.

The Boers have lost many French partisans through a telegraphic error. An intelligent sub-editor of a big Paris daily noticed that the "Boers" were very active and had killed many of the French troops in China in a recent engagement. It never struck him that it should have been "Boxers," and, oh, didn't the Boers get it for their ingratitude!

Yvette Sings Again.

"Le Petit Théâtre," in the Boulevard de Clichy, which was baptised by the return of Yvette Guilbert to the footlights, is, I candidly believe, the daintiest in the world. It is a symphony of sea-green and white, but where the particular charm comes in is that the small audience that it holds is so arranged that the idea is left that everyone has been sitting in an abnormally large private box. The Management was ill-advised in opening it before the nauseating odour of undried paint was obliterated. Yvette was in excellent voice, but a little too sad. However, as it was really a rehearsal of the songs she takes to London, I pass criticism to your own Anastasia.

End of the Billet de Faveur.

The Paris Tribunal has decided in favour of the contention of the French Dramatic Authors' Society, and free entries to theatres are apparently at an end. The Society contended that, as these free entrances could only legitimately be given by a Manager for services rendered, or for services in anticipation, the author was entitled to his commission of twelve per cent. on the place occupied. This may be excellent law, but where will the already too-harassed proprietor come in? As a recognition for his courtesy in sending along a box, many a helping little note has passed into the chroniques. Now, those little paragraphs will have to pass through the Advertisement Department at from ten francs to twenty francs a-line.

A Disciple of Dickens.

I have just read "Love, the Laggard" (Grant Richards), a pretty and interesting novel by Mr. Warren Bell, Editor of the *Captain*, and an old *Sketch* contributor. It tells the tale of a self-made man, immensely rich, who wooed the pretty and self-willed daughter of an impecunious Baronet. The maiden, after accepting her manufacturer lover, changed her mind on the eve of the wedding, and ran away to London Town. Here she met with various experiences which enable the author to display his kindly humour, honest sentiment, and thorough knowledge of Bohemian life. The lovelorn millionaire discovered her whereabouts just about the same time that he lost all his money. I counsel you to buy and read "Love, the Laggard," for it is a capital book.



MR. WARREN BELL (EDITOR OF THE "CAPTAIN"), WHO HAS JUST PUBLISHED A NEW NOVEL, ENTITLED "LOVE, THE LAGGARD."

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

I do not remember any pianist whose chances of popularity stand higher than those of Mr. Harold Bauer, who gave a recital on the 15th inst. at St. James's Hall. He played at the final concert of Mr. Newman's Musical Festival, and displayed ability of a remarkable kind. At his own recital, Mr. Bauer made a further advance in public estimation.

THE SOCIAL JESTER



A LETTER TO DOLLIE—ON THE HUMAN CYCLE.

MY DEAR DOLLIE,—I suppose you have never been for a ride on a human cycle? But there! you can't have, for there is only one in existence, and that belongs to me. The odd part of the matter is that this machine of mine is human only when I ride it myself. One day last year, I lent it to a man with whom I used to be friends. He brought it back with a bent crank, a twisted fork, a buckled wheel, and a broken heart. I know the poor thing's heart was broken, for I heard it sobbing all night long in the coach-house. The man died the next day, and I still need a place to hide his bones in to make the job complete.

It took me a long time to discover a tinker to whom I could, with any degree of confidence, entrust my cycle for purposes of repair. The first one I stumbled across was tired: he had been lifting pint-pots all the morning. The next rascal had the impudence to be supercilious about the job. He looked at the cycle; looked at me; looked again at the cycle, and finally advised me to try the umbrella-repairing shop three doors further down. I, in my turn, made a suitable reply, and I believe they put what was left of him on to an ambulance and juggled it along to the hospital.

The third man—I suppose he had heard of my argumentative powers—was quite polite, but said the mechanism of the machine was so delicate that he hardly liked to take the case in hand. The fourth man had the shutters put up before I could get within half-a-mile of his establishment. The fifth man hurried into bed with his boots on, and sent his wife out to say that he had had a relapse of his old touch of cycling fever, and the doctor had given orders that no one was to look at him on any account. I said he was a fool to pay a doctor for instructions of that kind, and went home to apply a tourniquet to my poetic vein.

In the end, of course, I mended the dear little creature myself. I forget now how it was done exactly, but I know that, when the job was over, and I straightened my back to have a look at the whole contrivance in perspective, the stable-yard, the garden, and the lawn were fretting

beneath a miscellaneous mass of flat-irons, sardine-tins, sandwich-papers, brass-headed nails, and glue-pots. And the machine just leant up against a cucumber-frame and grinned with unaffected pleasure. In fact, we were so pleased with each other that we took to chuckling; the chuckling led to guffaws; and, finally, my solid-tyred darling



lost her balance and joined the cucumbers without waiting to push back the glass lid. I suppose I'll be busy over that little matter some day soon.

But I am afraid, my dear Dollie, that you are only half-inclined to take me seriously when I tell you that I possess a human cycle. You would be more ready to believe me, perhaps, if you could hear how

tenderly—at times—I talk to her as we travel together over lonely country-roads. For example, when we are going uphill, I address her in such endearing terms as "Beauty," "Little Buttercup," and the like. My kindness encourages her and spurs her on to renewed efforts. In fact, I believe that is the only way in which it is possible to spur on a cycle.

The secret of the whole matter lies in the wonderful bond of sympathy that exists between the machine and myself. Do I become fatigued and begin to feel little pains in my joints, Beauty at once responds by running stiffly. You will say, of course, that this is merely due to imagination on my part; that I am tired, and therefore the machine seems to be going badly. But how if I tell you that, even when we are going downhill sometimes, an I be in need of refreshment, Little Buttercup slackens speed of her own accord before the inviting open-door of a picturesque hostelry? Unworthy listeners will at once suggest that I bought her second-hand from a gentleman who travelled in the alcoholic poison business. I venture to assert that she served her apprenticeship under a vendor of evening papers in the streets of London.

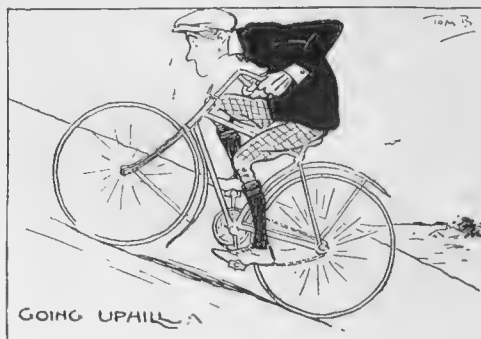
The fact of the matter is that we treat each other with mutual love and care. I make it a rule to oil my machine whenever I have a bottle of lemonade myself. Beauty acknowledges my kindness by starting away again from the door of the inn with a leap and a rush that have more than once astonished a gaping ostler into a neighbouring ditch. And this will prove to you—if proof, my dear Dollie, was in any way necessary—that the guiding principle of my life is temperance in all things. As a cyclist yourself, you will know that a bicycle requires only a spot of oil in each part once every hundred miles. If I gave Beauty more than that, it would not only affect her head, but probably throw her out of gear altogether. And yet I oil her whenever I take any refreshment myself. The conclusion is obvious.

But we do not only laugh together, Little Buttercup and I. She loves to share in my griefs, as a true friend should. On one occasion, I may tell you, we were overtaken by a storm. We halted at an inn, and I found a snug shelter for Beauty in a little shed whilst I went indoors to nurse my grief in front of the tap-room fire. When I had been there some few

minutes, it occurred to me that I had perhaps put a slight upon my darling by leaving her thus to weep alone. I knew her sensitive nature, and, fearing lest she should show her resentment in some rash way, I started from my seat and hurried out to the shed with a thousand words of apology trembling on my lips. And well it was I did so, for the poor child, stung to desperation by my apparent neglect, was just on the point of going off with another man. The shock taught me such a lesson that now, when it rains, I take her into the bar-parlour with me.

Sometimes it happens that we are overtaken far from any human habitation, and then we creep resignedly under the lee of a friendly hedge, and, snuggling down as best we may, defy the rain and the wind together. And, when poor Beauty shivers, I draw my mackintosh cape more closely around her handles, and she thanks me with a little tinkle of her bell.

Our quarrels, I am glad to say, are few and far between, but we really had quite a serious difference when I thought to improve Little Buttercup's mechanism by adding to it that weird and wonderful invention known as the free-wheel. When I first mentioned the matter, she looked at me sulkily; when the appliance arrived, she snorted contemptuously; when I unpacked it, she turned her back upon me in a highly significant way; but, when I attempted to adjust the contrivance, she plunged and pranced in such an effective manner as not only to compel me to abandon the idea altogether, but also to invest the money thus saved in a front-set of false teeth.



SUPERCILIOUS
ABOUT THE
JOB



Chicost



MISS NANCE GIRLING,

THE DAINY DANCER WHO WILL REPEAT HER "FLORODORA" SUCCESSES IN "THE SILVER SLIPPER," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE, ON JUNE 1.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO SYDNEY.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK are likely to have an especially interesting time at Sydney, the beautiful City of which Victorians are justly proud. Particularly picturesque and well-placed is Government House, where their Royal Highnesses stay. Sydney can claim to be

THE OLDEST OF AUSTRALIAN CITIES.

One of the principal thoroughfares is entitled King Street, and the Duke will be able, should he care to do so, to drive down York Street, while Pitt Street and Castlereagh Street are reminiscent of revered British names. Sydney feels quite at home with Royal visitors, for the foundation-stone of the great Town Hall was laid by the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who often referred with pleasure to the happy days he spent in the Capital of New South Wales.

A WONDERFUL HOTEL.

The town is very properly proud of the wonderful hotel, "Australia," which boasts of being quite as luxuriously appointed and of just as mammoth proportions as its great American rivals.

A CHARMING SPOT.

The Botanical Gardens are a feature of Sydney of which London and Paris might well have reason to be proud; but, alas! not under northern skies can flourish the marvellous trees and shrubs which make the Sydney Gardens quite unique, for there, in addition to tropical trees—notably, the huge Norfolk Island pines, and palms great and small—every country is represented, and there may be found the humble blossoms beloved of those Colonials familiar with the lanes and hedgerows of dear old England.

"OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY."

It is to be hoped that the Duke and Duchess will find time to wend their way to the wonderful Blue Mountains, within a comparatively short distance of Sydney. The scenery there is quite unique, including as it does the marvellous Jenolan Caves. These are a chain of lofty subterranean chambers and grottoes containing extraordinary stalagmites formed into natural statues, one of which, the most famous of all, was early named "The Madonna."

LOVE'S PROMISE.

At the first faint blush of day,
When the sunbeams kiss the flowers,
And the roses weep for love
Of the coming summer showers,
All is sweet, and pure, and true,
Like my love, dear heart, for you.

When the mavis fills the woods
With the music of his voice,
And the blue forget-me-nots
Smile and bid my heart rejoice,
All is sweet, and pure, and true,
Like my love, dear heart, for you.

When I whisper to the brook
Dreams of what I hope may be,
Oft a glimpse of woman's life
Is reflected there to me;
For 'tis sweet, and pure, and true,
Like my love, dear heart, for you.

When I leave the old brick house
At the dawn of greater life,
And the light laburnum stoops,
Lispings low, "Be good, young wife,"
I'll be sweet, and pure, and true,
Like my love, dear heart, for you.

J. FARRINGTON-POOLE.

The *Cabinet-Maker*, judiciously edited for many years by Mr. R. Davis Benn, makes a valuable volume full of illustrations, many coloured, of interest alike to amateurs and working artisans.

The *Wide World Magazine* for May contains the opening chapters of Dr. Conan Doyle's history of the "Great Boer War." The mere announcement of this fact is enough to cause a rush on the magazine, but, in addition, it may be stated that the other features of the number are as interesting and thrilling as usual.

Fred Walton. George Graves.

Claude Bantock.
Frank Danby. Alice Edgar. E. Sayers.

Harold Thorley.



Amy Payne.

Madge Lucas. Mabel Nelson. Ethel Bryant. Jessie Owen. Hilda Stephens.

MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' MUSICAL COMEDY COMPANY FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W., FOR "THE DIAL OF THE DRAMA COMPANY, LTD."

THE ROYAL TOUR: PHOTOGRAPHS OF SYDNEY AND BALLARAT.



BALLARAT, THE LEADING GOLD-FIELD TOWN OF VICTORIA.



HYDE PARK, SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES, WITH CAPTAIN COOK'S STATUE.

THE FORTHCOMING MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

Will this Year's Great Show at the Agricultural Hall be Graced by the Presence of the King?—Australia to the Front—Novel Final Display.

"ADVANCE, Australia!" That is to be the watch-word of this year's Military Tournament—which opens on the 30th inst.—as it has been the watch-word of the new Commonwealth to whose completion the Sovereign has lent the presence of the Heir-Apparent and the dignity of the close association of the Throne at home with the Kingdom over the seas.

"Advance, Australia!" And, with the blare of trumpets, the rattle of drums, and the majestic music of many massed military bands, there will appear before the eyes of the spectators in the Agricultural Hall a representation in miniature of the

PROCEEDINGS WHICH OCCURRED WHEN THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH CAME INTO BEING.

In miniature, for it would obviously be impossible to put the enormous number of troops who participated in the event into a building many times the size of the great hall at Islington. Instead of a squadron of cavalry, therefore, we shall get a section, and so on, but every part of the Service which was represented on the occasion so fraught with possibilities for the future strength of the Empire will be in evidence. All told, the pageant will use fully four hundred men, and will include the Emu and Kangaroo, which have become the symbol of Australia, and the Highland Light Infantry band.

Among the Indian, Colonial, and Australian troops which will be seen on this occasion there is a force which will excite the liveliest interest, consisting, as it does, of a detachment of the Central African Regiment from Zomba. They are absolutely wild men, who are described as

"DEVILS TO FIGHT,"

and have been recognised as "the best fighting race we have." It is something more than a tradition with them that, if they cannot shoot a man, they will claw him with their hands and teeth, maltreating him beyond description, their motto being evidently the old one, "All is fair in love and war." So great an interest has their coming inspired that the

KING INTENDS TO SEE THEM BEFORE THEY RETURN HOME.

Indeed, this decision has stimulated the hope that His Majesty may, in spite of the fact that the Court is in such deep mourning for Queen Victoria, and he himself is lamenting the death of his mother (a fact often lost sight of in the consideration of Court-life), see fit to emerge for once from the seclusion in which he has been living and

GRACE WITH HIS PRESENCE THE OPENING OF THE TOURNAMENT.

Such an act would stimulate popular interest in the proceedings, and give it the prospect of a pecuniary success which would be of inestimable advantage to the Charities of the two Services to which its profits are devoted. This year, the Commander-in-Chief, to whom the funds are relegated, will send a definite proportion to the Navy authorities for the use of the Naval Charities, thus bringing the arrangements into a straighter line with the popular feeling on the subject.

THE OPENING CEREMONY WILL BRING EARL ROBERTS

to receive from the public that demonstration of personal affection and of hearty congratulation on his services which his presence never fails to evoke, while

SIR REDVERS BULLER WILL BE PRESENT ON ANOTHER DAY,

and so, it is expected, will the Secretary of State for War, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and many of the other officials of His Majesty's Government.

Perhaps the principal thing in connection with the show will be the production of the "British Army Quadrilles," which will be acted as well as danced in the arena. The music will be played by six bands, the Band of the 1st Life Guards, the Highland Light Infantry Band, and the four bands of the Brigade of Guards, in addition to four fife-and-drum bands. This will give fully a

HUNDRED DRUMS FOR THE FAMOUS ROLL,

a larger number than has ever been massed together for the purpose—larger even than at Covent Garden, where at some of the popular concerts the Quadrilles were so great a feature. Altogether, the playful pageantry of music will

SUGGEST IN A MOST EFFECTIVE MANNER A BATTLEFIELD,

with the fight of armed men, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, all taking their part before the eyes of the spectator, instead of only in his imagination.

The final display will introduce a decided novelty, in the shape of an attack on a village on the North-Western Frontier of India, while a Gymkhana is being held by a small force for their own amusement and that of the inhabitants. This will give the opportunity for the display of real sports and the representation of the arrival of the Indian Princes and Counties Palatine in characteristic fashion. While showing the way in which our men are able to manœuvre rapidly when necessary, it cannot fail to evoke the enthusiasm of all who are there to see. Taking one consideration with another, the Military Tournament this year bids fair to be even more successful than it has been before.

EIGHTS' WEEK AT OXFORD.

BY KEBLE HOWARD.

A Gigantic Picnic—The Heroes of the Occasion—The Struggle that Earns the Reward—Athletics v. Scholarship—The Pride of Isis—King Sol as a Sportsman—Memories.

WHEN a man looks back upon his days at the University, he probably wishes that he had entered upon them more seriously and with a clearer idea of the advantage that they might be to him in after-life. But, if there is no excuse for the habitual "waster," there is certainly very little admiration bestowed upon or sympathy needed for the under-

graduate who cannot enjoy to the utmost the gigantic annual picnic that is known as "May Week" at Cambridge and "Eights Week" at Oxford. Fourth-year men, of course, have "schools" to think about, and it is merely a matter of temperament as to whether the holiday atmosphere that floats in at their open windows and flutters the leaves of their text-books distracts them from their work or merely acts as a refreshing tonic to the weary brain. In either case, the fourth-year man can hardly expect to be considered at great length in an Eights Week article. Whatever he is, he has had his day. A few weeks, and he will leave his panelled rooms and his grey-walled College behind him, and set out upon the great journey of life, to find that a picnic more or less in days gone by is of very little account. Eights Week is the youngster's treat, and one needs to be a



THE COACH ADVISING HIS CREW THROUGH A MEGAPHONE.

youngster—or an enthusiastic lady visitor—to appreciate this period of *al fresco* gaiety to the full.

The heroes of the occasion, of course, are the men who row in the eights. One is sometimes inclined to think that they scarcely receive their full share of praise and admiration, but, after all, it is only the rowing-man who knows what it means in the way of hardships, patient submission to discipline, and real work to get into the College-boat. First of all, there is the dreary "tubbing"—that class of two that is hardly less monotonous for the "tubbed" than for the coach. Then the "Torpid Fours" come along—exciting, perhaps, but cold, and very, very soon forgotten. After the "Torpid Fours," the process of elimination, or "chucking," has to be got through, and many a youthful enthusiast finds it necessary to allay a painful heart-ache by seeking fame, for a while, among the centre-boards and general riff-raff of the Upper River. But a crew of fortunate ones is bound to be selected, and theirs is the honour of representing their College in the Torpid Eights. More "chucking" after the Torpids, and then the final glory of donning the full boating-colours of the College and rowing in the Summer Eights that conclude at Oxford to-day.

There are people moving about in this queer little country of ours who will tell you that the "athletic craze"—they always speak of a love of exercise as though it were a species of brain-affection—is going to be the ruin of England. One's opinion of the matter, of course, depends entirely upon one's point of view. The hero-worshipping undergraduate, who, metaphorically speaking, stands bareheaded when a "Blue" passes him in the street, would undoubtedly maintain that a man who plays cricket for England or football for Scotland is better entitled to a tomb in Westminster Abbey or a monument in Trafalgar Square than the late Poet Laureate. Ridiculous nonsense, perhaps, but readily appreciated by unprejudiced observers who have lived in a University town, where muscle takes precedence of brain as naturally as, in all walks of life, money takes precedence of breeding. And hero-worship, after all, is not an unhealthy thing by any means. It is a sign of youth and enthusiasm, and manifests itself most vigorously amongst first-year men. The second-year man tempers his admiration with criticism; the third-year man selects his heroes for himself; whilst the fourth-year man, who is beginning to look at things from an external point of view, discovers, to his intense satisfaction, that muscles grow stiff just about the time when the brain begins to grow useful.

There is, no doubt, a good deal of "gallery" business in the athletic life, but one does not blame the athlete for this. Like an actor, he becomes accustomed to doing his tricks before the gaze of adoring thousands, and he has his reward in the shape of cheers and hand-clappings. The brain-worker, on the other hand, has no such direct means of ascertaining his position in the public mind. If he happens to be a student only, he hasn't any public position, and he doesn't worry his head about it. In Eights Week, therefore, when Oxford is "at home"

to all the world, the mere scholar hides his head and allows his more supple brother to display himself on the platform for the entertainment of the visitors. Occasionally, perhaps, he may sigh for the fame that cannot be his: a little affair of the heart may be involved. But let him be comforted, and remember, with Aristotle, that the greatest happiness of man is the exercise of his highest faculties in the best possible way.

I have spoken of Eights Week as a gigantic picnic, but it is much more than that. It is a glorified house-party, where all the hosts are full of the joy of youthfulness, and where the house and the grounds are so enormous, so elaborately laid out, so full of novel sights and

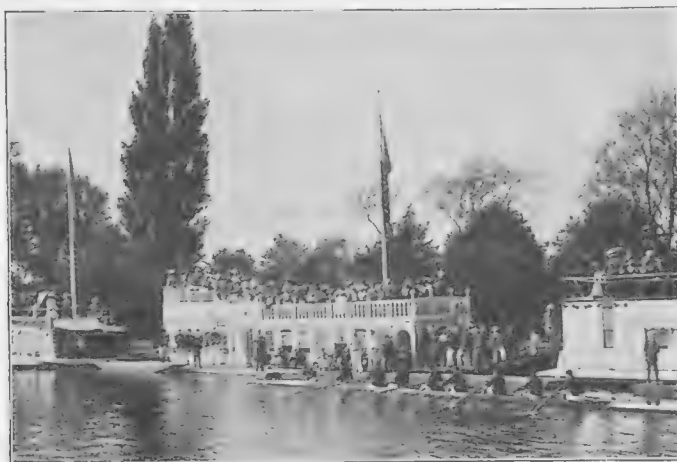
little river. As the Isis leaps to meet the swift-rushing bows of the light racer, so the Cherwell gently rocks the boat of idleness and softly bears it on its way between rustling reeds and whispering meadows.

It is always—or nearly always—fine in Eights Week. That rare old sportsman, King Sol, has not the heart to hide away when such innocent gaiety is to the fore. All day long he does his duty nobly, and, as he goes to his bed in the western sky, you may see his face suffused with honest pleasure and a sense of duty done. And then the shadows of evening creep over the grey old city; the meadows draw white sheets of river-mist over their gorgeous garments of yellow buttercups, whilst

EIGHTS WEEK AT OXFORD: SOME PHOTOS BY "THE SKETCH" 'VARSIITY SNAPSHOTTER.



VIEW OF BARGES DURING EIGHTS WEEK.



MAGDALEN BARGE, WITH EIGHT STARTING OUT DURING RACES.



RACING THROUGH THE GUT.



BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.



BALLIOL EIGHT TURNING AT IFFLEY.



AN EASY: MAGDALEN, HERTFORD, AND CORPUS BARGES.

wonders, that the hundreds of guests, when all is over, could hardly tell you what they have seen or what they enjoyed the most. There is, to begin with, dear Isis herself, so lavishly bedizened with flags and bunting and so richly adorned with fresh young flowers of English womanhood that she ripples with pleasure along this favoured part of her never-ceasing journey to the sea, and even brings a little of the atmosphere of Oxford gaiety to relieve the business-like untidiness of Wapping and Gravesend.

Then there are those long summer mornings spent in a Canadian canoe beneath the shady willows that fringe the banks of the lazy Cherwell. No one ever thinks of hurrying over the waters of this smooth-flowing

from every College window and in every College garden twinkling lights shine out to welcome in the Queen of the Revels and her bodyguard of mischievous little arrow-bearers.

They are soon over, these days of sun and laughter and love. But they linger in the memory long after examinations have been passed and caps and gowns laid aside. To many a man, sweltering in a dusty office or fighting for his life on the South African veldt, the name of Eights Week conjures up fair visions of youthful happiness. To be sure, they will never return, but the man who has enjoyed them is not going to vex his soul on that account. Each succeeding period of life brings pleasures of its own. One would not wish to spend a lifetime even at Oxford.



MRS. ROSCOE BRUNNER.—By SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, A.R.A.

EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY. (NO. 17 IN GALLERY I.)



REAR-ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM ALISON DYKE ACLAND, BART., F.R.G.S.
WHO SUCCEEDS REAR-ADMIRAL ALBERT BALDWIN JENKINGS AS SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE CHANNEL FLEET.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS, SOUTHSEA.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Much Ado About Something—H.M.S. "Covent Garden"—"Jean"—
"Wanted: Respectable Tenor, Excellent Prospects"—Morgan and
Music—Penny Opera.

WAGNER'S operas are musical drama. Those of other composers are music and drama, running concurrently, like terms of penal servitude. The comparison stops here, of course. He is the one composer whom we must not only hear but see. We cannot enjoy him just as well through the electrophone. Doubtless, to this is due much of the stage improvements which for the last week have so greatly increased our pleasure at Covent Garden. The usual twelve-and-sixpence-worth of apparatus thought good enough for an Opera House is retired on a pension, and a wonderful amount of mechanism, partly under the direction of Brindt, the great Continental specialist, has come into view, or, to be more accurate, out of view.

Looking down from the "gridiron" (which is just under the roof), through the maze of pulleys, wire ropes, blocks, and other tackle, is like being on the maintop-gallant yard of a full-rigged ship. One feels breezy and nautical, and anxious to call down a "yo-heave-ho" and "avast-heaving" to the workmen below, whatever meaning these observations bear. The roof being twenty feet higher, scenery can be hoisted immediately out of sight, instead of the old system of lowering it on deck and hauling it athwartships—laying it on the stage, I should say, and carrying it to the wings. With these electric hoists one man can do the work of six. Again, the "apron" having been cut away, the orchestra and soloists are brought within hearing distance—a considerable advantage when one has to accompany the other. They used to be almost in different counties.

Rumours that "Jean" is breaking up are simply absurd. His singing in New York this year proved him "as good as new," though there is no guarantee that an artist is in the prime of life till he begins his first annual round of farewell appearances. Still, "there is only one Jean de Reszke," as a lady said (with some considerable truth). Nothing need be said against the many excellent tenors there are—all amiable and hard-working men—for the possession of a throat which can produce high R-flat makes the owner, for some unaccountable reason, sensitive to criticism. A newspaper which said that "the best-known London tenor is a reckless spendthrift" was threatened with libel-actions by six different singers.

However, the next great operatic tenor is assured of an income of £20,000 and upwards, while a new drawing-room *tenore robusto* would be certain to be such a success as to have a fund started in his old age to keep him out of the workhouse. A tenor may be a disease, as Wagner said, but it is a lucrative complaint, and, though incurable, it is certainly not epidemic at present. There never were so few bad cases. Mr. Morgan (whose coronation as Emperor of England is expected towards the middle of the Season) could easily establish a "corner" in tenors, turn them into a Trust, and throw them on the market.

Why the attendance should be so large is obvious. Whereas people who wish to "stand in" with Royalty still wear half-mourning and do not entertain, the Opera is quite *en règle*. Again, a large income accrues to the Management from those who detest the Opera, but are afraid to say they prefer the music-halls or musical comedy. Among the most regular attendants are an old lady who is perfectly deaf and has to read the papers next day to see how she has enjoyed herself, and a Society personage who, after attending the Opera all through last season, thought Wagner was a furniture-dealer in Westbourne Grove. A girl who was asked the other day whether she liked Rossini's music said, "Oh, yes! We always have him to play at our 'At Homes'!"

With all these County Council brass-bands, it would be hard to find a working-man now who would make the same mistake. Really, the only difference between ourselves and the lower classes is that they are so much better educated. These municipal bands—which are now fifty-seven in number and cost nearly £10,000 a-year—are really the opera of the poor. The aristocracy collects in the sixpenny seats, the ring standing pasted against the railings would correspond to the dress-circle, while the programmeless rabble which scuffles with itself and the police on the flanks would be the unreserved part of the house in more senses than one.

The only drawback to this "permanent opera," which rumour says is again to be started, is its want of permanency, like the perpetual treaties of peace in the Middle Ages. A wit at the Court of Richard I. calculated that he must be 150 years old, as there had been three truces in his time, each for fifty years. But "permanent opera" is cheap. Under the present régime, we crowd all our beauty, aristocracy, and talent into a couple of months. To buy a stall, one must sell out a large block of shares, and establish a "corner" of some sort on the Stock Exchange and ruin thousands of innocent people, to gain control of enough capital to subscribe for a box. Abroad, opera runs most of the day and night for about eleven months in the year, and the attendance is not nearly as fashionable as at our music-halls. A box costs some five or six shillings, and holds six when fully expanded. For a shilling one can sit in the seat of honour and nudge Royalty.

HILL ROWAN.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MISS MARIE CORELLI is to publish a new novel in the autumn which is to be of considerable length and will deal with issues that are moving the public mind profoundly. Lucas Malet, who has done no very important work since the far-off days of "The Wages of Sin," will give us in the autumn an elaborate book, to be called "Sir Richard Calmady." It will give the history of a country gentleman, of an essentially normal type of character, who has to go through very abnormal circumstances in Hampshire, in London, and in Naples. The book will be "frankly realistic." There is, perhaps, a return to "realism" at present, and the force of the reaction seems to have spent itself.

A lady novelist who gave great promise and has not fulfilled it, Miss F. F. Montresor, is also to reappear, with a book entitled "The Alien." It is not a very happy title, but titles are hard to come by nowadays.

It is not easy to start successfully a new magazine: the field is covered for the present. I hear, however, that America will endeavour to compete more successfully with the English magazines on their own ground, and that new life is to be put into some of our older periodicals.

Mr. Graham Balfour's "Life of Robert Louis Stevenson" is to be published in the autumn. It may safely be said that it will be a judicious publication. One side of Stevenson has never been set before the public, probably never will be. But Mr. Balfour is to give us a valuable fragment of autobiography, reminiscences of friends, leaves of travel, and unpublished manuscripts and letters. His book will be welcome.

Mr. J. M. Barrie goes to the early part of last century for the time of his new play, in which Miss Maude Adams will play the part of heroine both in this country and in America.

A tribute of respect is due to the late Mr. William Clarke, who died suddenly at Mostar, Herzegovina, while on a holiday tour with some friends. Mr. Clarke was modest and retiring, very little known outside a small circle, but he was one of the most able journalists of his time and wrote in papers of very various types. He was exceptionally well informed, and had at command a clear and vigorous style. Few men in journalism studied America with such keenness of interest, and on the problems of the United States he wrote with singular ability and decision.

Those who admired "Life is Life" and saw in it a promise of great things will be satisfied, on the whole, with "Zack's" new book, "The White Cottage" (Constable). It is not so well written as "Life is Life," but it proves that the authoress can give us a long story, can plan it and carry it to an issue. "The White Cottage" is not a short story pulled into a long one, like a piece of elastic: it is proportioned and without superfluous matter. Here and there the authoress allows herself a needless freedom of expression, but this is the way of women writers in these days. Though not in any way a great book, "The White Cottage" is well above the average, and easily read.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett's novel, "New York" (Sands), is an excellent specimen of his style. It is written with great force and contains points of special interest to English readers. I confess I was specially touched by the great straits which the lovers of the story, George and Doris, are put to for lack of a cab in a New York street: "I do wish we were nearer that cab you speak of." . . . In silence they now pushed onward. Not long afterward, with a great heart-throb of relief, George saw a cab and hailed it." I have had similar feelings in New York myself, though the "great heart-throb of relief" has been tempered by anxiety as to whether I could satisfy the exorbitant demands of the cabman without selling out my securities. An ambitious New York mother plans that her daughter should marry an impecunious English Peer, Lord Brecknock. The young man agrees, but stipulates for a dowry. He is offered £40,000, and is horror-stricken. Nothing less than £200,000 will satisfy him. The American mother says: "The dot is a very handsome one." "Handsome!" The young man shivered palpably. . . . "I'm compelled to give up all thought of marrying your charming daughter." But the real heroine is Miss Doris Josselyn, a fascinating young lady, highly cultivated, with rich conversational powers, a lissom throat, a burning desire to do good, a determined purpose to do it in her own way, and a competency of her own of which she freely reminds interfering relatives. She is wooed by a great lawyer, by a Unitarian minister, and by a distant cousin who has been in jail for three years, but is, nevertheless, a noble character. She chooses the last, and arranges everything, bringing even her relatives into line. The Unitarian minister is naturally much disappointed, but is consoled by Doris. "She sprang up from her seat and flung both arms about him and kissed him on either cheek." She also certifies that "he is less man than god." This is poor consolation—especially for a Unitarian minister. Nevertheless, the reader will shed no tears over the minister's fate.

O. O.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such Contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.



STREATLEY, FROM GORING.—BY ERNEST PARTON.
EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY. (NO. 214 IN GALLERY III.)



THE HONEYMOON.—BY PHIL R. MORRIS, A.R.A.
EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY. (NO. 327 IN GALLERY V.)

"SWEET AND TWENTY," THE PRETTY VAUDEVILLE COMEDY.

Photographed by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS AS JOAN TREVELYAN.



MR. SEYMOUR HICKS AS DOUGLAS FLOYD.



DOUGLAS, ABOUT TO REJOIN HIS SHIP, BIDS JOAN GOOD-BYE.



THE REV. JAMES FLOYD (MR. J. D. BEVERIDGE) AND JOAN.

"SWEET AND TWENTY," THE PRETTY VAUDEVILLE COMEDY.

Photographed by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



Ellen (Sweet-voiced Miss Mary Rorke).

Chris (Master George Hersee). Douglas (Mr. Hicks).

ACT II.: THE FIRST RETURN OF DOUGLAS, AFTER BEING DISMISSED THE SERVICE FOR DRUNKENNESS AND MUTINY. HE TELLS HIS STORY TO ELLEN, THE FAITHFUL FAMILY SERVANT.



The Rev. James Floyd (Mr. J. D. Beveridge).

Douglas Floyd.

Eustace Floyd (Mr. Holbrook Blinn).

ACT II.: EUSTACE, THE MODERN JACOB WHO IS IN LOVE WITH JOAN, PERSUADES DOUGLAS TO LEAVE HOME AGAIN AT ONCE.

"SWEET AND TWENTY," THE PRETTY VAUDEVILLE COMEDY.

Photographed by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



ACT III.: MASTER CHRIS FLOYD, HAVING SPENT ALL HIS POCKET-MONEY ON A REAL PISTOL, PLAYS HIGHWAYMAN CLAUDE DUVAL TO THE "FRIGHTENED PASSENGER" OF "SWEET AND TWENTY" JOAN.



Odd Man Pryne (Mr. Fred Emney).

ACT III.: THE SECOND RETURN OF DOUGLAS, AFTER HE HAS REDEEMED HIS CHARACTER AND MADE A FORTUNE IN AUSTRALIA.

THE TROUBLE IN CHINA.

REAL SNAPSHOTS—NOT FROM IMRE KIRALFY'S PEKIN SPECTACLE.

MAJOR SCOTT is the gallant officer who, at the head of the 1st Sikhs, was the first officer to enter the Legation on the morning of the relief. He was afterwards appointed as Commandant at Tung-Chow, the River Transport Dépôt, thirteen miles from Pekin. In his new post he displayed such exceptional energy and ability in managing with tact and safety the enormous amount of transport between Tientsin and the Capital as to gain for himself the admiration of all and place the British troops in Pekin in a more independent position than their allied friends.

A HALT FOR THE NIGHT ON THE MARCH TO POE-TING-FU.

During the time when the Continental Press poured its adverse criticisms on the British troops operating in South Africa, it was agreeable to notice how favourably our men compared with the other

"THE SKETCH" ART JOTTINGS.

THE BERKELEY GALLERIES.

AT the new Berkeley Galleries, 10, Bruton Street, are to be seen many rare and beautiful objects that must be a sore temptation to collectors. There are old French and Dutch pictures, as well as English paintings by such men as Cotes, Opie, Wheatley, and Scott, who is represented by a remarkably interesting view of Old London Bridge, somewhat after the manner of his contemporary, Canaletto.

There are delightful old English and French bureaux, showing the highest development of cabinet-work, with numberless curious contrivances for unexpected drawers, and charming ornamentation in carving, brass-work, and buhl; old chairs and tables of fascinating design; rare china from Chelsea, Lowestoft, Worcester, Sevres, and Dresden; bronze, tapestry, and Persian rugs.

Many of these precious objects are from celebrated collections. They are all of high artistic merit, and are, for the most part, of great monetary

SNAPSHOTS IN AND AROUND PEKIN.



MAJOR SCOTT, D.S.O., THE FIRST OFFICER TO ENTER THE BRITISH LEGATION AT THE HEAD OF THE 1ST SIKHS.



Mr. Jamieson. Colonel O'Sullivan.

General Gaselee.

A HALT FOR THE NIGHT ON THE MARCH TO POE-TING-FU.



Captain Poole.

Captain Johnson.

Mr. Towers. Lady MacDonald. Miss Brazler.

A GROUP OF BRITISHERS ON THE STEPS OF THE SUMMER PALACE.



Colonel Daggett.

General Baron de Ya-maguti.

A GROUP OF JAPANESE AND AMERICAN OFFICERS IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY.

Forces on the Poe-ting-fu Expedition. Each night our troops camped in the open, being well equipped with tents, &c., while those of other nations had to seek shelter in the villages and towns adjacent.

A GROUP OF BRITISHERS.

Two hours after the occupation of the Summer Palace by a squadron of Bengal Lancers under Captain Johnson, Lady MacDonald, actuated with the spirit of adventure, accompanied by some friends, rode out a distance of nine miles from Pekin to view the many wonderful sights to be seen in the Emperor's summer dwelling. The picture was taken on the steps of the Palace, with the captured flags in the background.

A GROUP OF JAPANESE AND AMERICAN OFFICERS.

General Baron de Ya-maguti, Commandant-Chief of the 5th Division of the Japanese Army operating in China, is seated on the left. On the right, standing in the second row, is Colonel Daggett, United States 14th Infantry. This is the gallant officer who, though sixty-three years old, was the seventh man to scale the wall at the storming of Pekin, as represented so vividly at Earl's Court.

value, the more so as the demand for examples of the work of the old artists and craftsmen continues to increase, while the supply rapidly diminishes. A visit to these galleries will be pleasing and tantalising.

PICTURES OF HARBOURS AND TOWNS.

A fascinating show of work, with plenty of varied and sparkling colour, is that by Mr. Terriek Williams, in illustration of "Harbours and Towns, at Home and Abroad," at the Continental Gallery. The artist is allured by the shipping, the sailor-folk, and the pretty bits of old architecture that he has met with in seaside towns, and still more so by the sea itself, which he represents with much varied feeling and discrimination, as in the vivacious seascape, "A Following Wind, Honfleur," and the tender "Silvery Morning, Venice." "The Church of St. Leonard, Honfleur," is a nicely composed work, suggestive and broad, and "A Parting Ray of Sunlight," catching the tops of the characteristic houses of the same town and lighting the upper part of a sail, is particularly pleasing. "Sirocco Weather, Venice," a delicate composition, and a brilliant sketch of "Lucerne" will also be appreciated by those who pay the exhibition a well-deserved visit.

MR. ROBERT GANTHONY IN SOME FAVOURITE CHARACTERS.

THE CLEVER PLAYWRIGHT AND ENTERTAINER IS NOW TOURING THE SOUTH COAST TOWNS WITH HIS CLEVER LITTLE COMPANY.



AS MR. ROBERT GANTHONY.



AS A MUSICAL GROTESQUE.



AS A FRENCH CONJURER.



AS A YANKEE LECTURER.

From Photographs by Goulton May, Richmond.



MISS NINA BOUCICAULT,
WHO HAS ESTABLISHED HER REPUTATION AS A FIRST-CLASS COMEDY-ACTRESS BY HER PERFORMANCE AS SUZANNE DE VILLIERS
IN "LION HUNTERS," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

DIAPHRAGM WINS BLINDFOLD.

BY BOLTON MALTRAVERS.



"DICK," said Charlie Tempest to his friend Lefroy, as they strolled out of their chambers in the Temple to find some cooler spot in the Gardens for a last pipe, "can't I help?"

"Help?" echoed Lefroy wearily. "How did you know I needed it?"

"Why, man, have we kept together all these years without my knowing when things go wrong with you? You've been

away for a week on circuit, and yet this morning, at breakfast, you sat staring at nothing for about ten minutes, never said a word, and scarcely ate a mouthful. Of course, I noticed it!"

"And said nothing. That's what makes it possible to live with you. I couldn't have spoken a word to save my life."

"I know, Dick, I know." And the face of the man the world called hard softened with infinite sympathy.

"Charlie, old man," said Lefroy, as they sat down within sound of the cool splash of the fountain, "did you notice I'd put up the photograph of a very beautiful girl in my rooms after the Whitsuntide recess?"

"Of course, I did, and wondered with all a woman's curiosity whether I was going to lose you! It's the only woman's photograph you've ever had."

"Quite right, for it's the only woman. And everything has gone wrong."

"Why? Has she said 'No'?"

"No, no! It's not the girl that's to blame, but circumstances."

"Come, come, my dear fellow, as long as she hasn't said 'No,' you needn't despair! You've enough of this world's goods to make a woman happy, you're supposed to be decent-looking, and you've got an ancestry that touches Ararat. What's the difficulty?"

"A fool of a father, a snob of a mother, the attentions of a lordling, and a bad touch of ophthalmia."

"It's just those bitter sorts of attempts at epigram that make people think you've got no feelings, Dick. Luckily for you, I know you always try to be smart when you're thoroughly miserable. Explain."

"Well, I've known Grace Lenville for two years. We'd always been good friends—you see, we both do a lot of journalism, which is sometimes a bond of union—but I'd never dreamed of anything more than friendship. Last Whitsun recess, I went up to Goathland, on the Yorkshire moors, to play a little golf and get some good walking. She was in the same hotel, so was the lordling."

"At her request?"

"No; I fancy, by the mother's. But, fortunately, the lordling couldn't play golf."

"And she could?"

"Quite so—and did. The mother couldn't prevent her playing. She'd been ordered by the doctor. But, whenever she wasn't playing golf, the mother pestle-and-mortared them together in the most shameless way. The mother is—indescribable. Her aim in life is perennial youth. To have a grown-up daughter seems to her provincial, and to have a grandchild suburban. The only stronger force in her life is snobbery. Oh, she's the apotheosis of snobbery! And for the sake of the lordling she'd sacrifice her own youth."

"And her daughter's?"

"And her daughter's."

"Well, you've at present described the mother and golf, but am I to understand you fell in love with the girl?"

"Yes. Before I'd been there a week, I knew that she held the one golden key that could open the door of all that was noblest and best in life for me."

"Did you tell her so?"

"No—fool that I was! But I feared overhaste. She's not the type of girl that wants to be won. She's the rarer type that wants winning."

"Epigrams again, Dick. But did she not give any sign?"

"Oh! I know she liked me, but she would never let a man know without being asked—she's too proud."

"But the lordling?"

"Well, you see, he was the guest. I've never seen such a perfect exhibition of courteous hospitality as she gave in my life. But it left me utterly in the dark."

"And the father? He seems the only undiscovered country left."

"Oh, he's a nonentity! His one selfish ambition is to be considered a sportsman. Type of man who took to knickerbockers late in life. And the lordling won his heart by asking him to shoot grouse on the Twelfth."

"Well, at present I fail to see where the difficulty of the situation comes in."

"Difficulty? Heavens, man! a fortnight ago I wrote to her—my first letter—saying I was coming down on circuit to York—they live a little way out—and asking if I might call. Day by day I watched the post, and day by day I was disappointed. Don't you know what it is to listen for a postman with a feeling of anxiety that is a physical pain? At last I had to go to York, having had no answer."

"Well, didn't you go and call?"

"I started. The first afternoon, when the Court had risen, I hired a horse and rode out towards their country place. It was a lovely evening, but I was too anxious to enjoy it. Presently, when I was about a mile from the house, I overtook her old nurse, Dawkins, who was, up at Goathland, a great friend of mine. So I jumped off my horse and said, 'Hello, Dawkins, how are you?' 'Oh, gracious me, sir! is that you?' 'Yes,' I said, 'it's me. I'm just going to call on Miss Gracie. Is she in?' 'You mustn't go, sir; she's not able to see people. She's had something bad with her eyes, and she's not to be allowed to read or write for six months.' 'Good heavens!' I said. 'Not blind?' 'No, no, sir! She can do everything but read and write, but she don't go outside the grounds yet, 'cos she's got a sort of shade over her eyes.' Then I made up my mind to trust Dawkins at any cost. I knew I was safe. 'Dawkins,' I said, 'I want to marry your Miss Grace. Can I trust you?' 'Lord, sir,' she said; 'of course you can! I seed you both at Goathland, and I knew you was longing for her. But her mother, she be all for that Lord Gretton, and he be coming down next week to amuse Miss Grace while she's ill, and we be all going up to his shooting-place in Scotland in August. Oh dear! oh dear, sir! he ain't fit to speak to my Miss Gracie. How I wish I could help you!' 'Well,' I said, 'if I write a note to her, will you read it to her?' 'Ah, dear!' she said, 'but I can't read nor write.' 'Is there anyone you could trust to read a note to her?' 'No, sir; they're all new servants, and I wouldn't trust one of them not to tell it all over the servants' hall. But, if there's anything I could do to help you, sir, I would—and she so lonely too!' Well, I chatted on without hitting on any plan, and at last said 'good-bye to her, and she told me she always went on Thursdays to some neighbouring village and came back on that road, so that, if at any time I wanted her, I could find her."

"Did you send any message to Miss Lenville?"

"No—I thought I would at first, but I was afraid I might do more harm than good, so I determined to come back and think things over."

"I understand. And now, of course, you're afraid that the lordling may make the running while she's lonely, and win her. We must circumvent that lordling somehow. I've been consulting engineer to men in worse straits than this. Now, let me think. She can't read or write for six months. She'll be very lonely. She won't even have her journalism to fall back on. I was thinking that might have kept the lordling from being her only resource."

"Oh yes! that's all right. Dawkins was very funny about that. I forgot to tell you. She's got what Dawkins calls a 'funny gaff'—meaning, I suppose, a phonograph—and I gathered from Dawkins that she talks her journalism into it and has it typed from the phonograph. Needless to say, Dawkins was not quite so terse as that, but that's the meaning."

Tempest smoked in silence awhile, and then, suddenly, as the sound of Big Ben tolling midnight floated down the river, he said very quickly, "Got it! Good old Edison!"

"Don't chaff, Charlie," said his friend; "it hurts too much."

Tempest apparently took no notice, sat again silent for a few minutes, and then said, "Ever worked a phonograph?"

"No, only listened to them at Exhibitions."

"I've got one—present from an aunt who believes in scientific hobbies for young men. They're rather interesting."

Lefroy knew his friend's love of arriving at success by devious paths, and was silent.

"They're funny toys. Come up into chambers."

Dick said nothing, and went.

Tempest pulled out from the back of a cupboard a case and undid the lid.

"That," he said, "is the basis of operations—the working part of a phonograph. Get down those two boxes from that shelf. One of them contains some hollow, chocolate-looking cylinders. Don't touch the chocolate, but stick two fingers inside the hollow part. The other box contains a speaking-tube and a hearing-tube. Now, then, open that bar at the right-hand end of the machine; slide that cylinder, bevelled end first, on to the metal tube; shut the bar; wind the thing up. Now you stick the speaking-tube into its socket, move that brass lever, and start the phonograph going. You'll see there's a small, needle-looking thing that cuts into the wax as you speak down that tube. The little apparatus that is between you and the needle is called the diaphragm. That diaphragm is going to win you a wife."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Well, look here. You'll talk down that tube—I won't listen—your words will be recorded on that cylinder. You'll get that cylinder conveyed to Dawkins—you can take the first one yourself, so as to explain to Dawkins what to do with it; after that, we can send it out from York by an express messenger-boy. Dawkins will give the cylinder to Miss Gracie. She will put it on her phonograph—"

"But will it fit?"

"Yes, of course! Edison-Bell's phonographs have only two sizes of cylinders—this and the grand concert one for big shows. She'll use her phonograph so as to speak the reverse way through. She'll put the diaphragm lever up instead of down, and put a hearing-tube instead of a speaking-tube on, and she'll hear every word you say here into that tube. Though she can't read or write, no one will be any the wiser,



A RISING PILLAR OF THE—"PUB."

"Is there anybody called Methuselah lives round here, boy?"
"Wot! You ain't lorst, are yer?"

and you two will be able—if she's willing—to carry on an animated correspondence under the very noses of Mamma and the lordling, while they are blissfully ignorant."

"Heavens, Charlie, what a genius you are! I feel a new man already. You're a consulting engineer worth having. We shall have you engineering for your own wife before long. What, going? Good-night, old man, and ten thousand thanks! I'll talk into my *deus ex machina* to-morrow."

So Dick went in to dream of happiness, and Charlie went out for a last stroll round with his own thoughts.

Why didn't he marry?

And then, unbidden, the two pictures came before him—his sister, half-paralysed and ever complaining, who needed so much care, so many luxuries, that his few briefs scarcely served to provide all he fain would give her; and the other picture—a Scotch moor, a beautiful, pure-souled girl, an unexpected torrent of explanations, and then—an inevitable farewell, leaving him alone to tread the pilgrim path of duty, leaving her alone, yet dowered with the unseen benison of a strong man's love.

Grace Lenville sighed. The afternoon was very hot, and she was tired of doing nothing. True, she was surrounded by every luxury that wealth could give, but it is possible to be very rich and very lonely. Five more months of this exile from books! Five more months of more or less dependence on others! And five more months, more or less intermittent, of Lord Gretton's attentions. How he bored her! Gifted with that stainless ignorance of everything intellectual which seems to be the priceless heritage of so many of our best families, this self-satisfied exquisite had caused a feeling of absolute repulsion to rise in the mind of the beautiful, proud-souled girl whom he purposed honouring with the offer of his hand. And yet she had no escape for five months, and all that time her mother would try and force her to marry him. Marry him! Never! It never could have been even in the olden days, but now—hardly did she confess that secret even to her inmost maiden soul, but she knew now that she had seen the man who could win her if he would.

Presently, when the feeling of soul-loneliness was becoming almost too great to be borne, she heard the door open, and in came Dawkins, evidently bursting with excitement.

"Oh, Dawkins, I'm so lonely and miserable! Do come and make me some tea, and make much of me as you used to when I was little."

"There, there, my dear!" said the old woman, coming and sitting by her, and stroking her hair with motherly kindness; "that's like the old days, dearie, isn't it? But, now, listen: such a strange thing happened this afternoon! I was walking home from Newton here, when a gentleman on horseback stopped me and spoke to me."

"Who was it, Dawkins?" said the girl, thinking it was going to be some idle tale made up for her amusement, and determined to appear interested for her old nurse's sake.

"Ah, well, dear! 'you mustn't ask no questions,' like I used to say to you when you was little."

"All right, Dawkins; go on."

"Well," says he, "Mrs. Dawkins, your young lady's ill, isn't she?" "Well," says I, "her eyes is a bit bad, but she can do everything but read and write." "Well," says he, "you give her these little boxes from me—simply say it's a present from an old friend to amuse her, and tell her to fit them on to the—the—the—" Oh! what *do* you call that thing you talks into, Miss Gracie?"

"Phonograph, Dawkins; is that it?"

"Yes, that's it, Miss!"

"Oh, what ripping fun, Dawkins! I was feeling so dull, and now some old friend who knows I've got a phonograph has sent me some cylinders."

"Some what, Miss?"

"Cylinders. Oh, I understand! Now give me the two boxes."

"Here they are, Miss. Now, he put a mark on the one that you are to use first, and then the other one next."

"How splendidly you've remembered it all, Dawkins!"

"Ah, well, Miss! I don't understand these things. I suppose they're not against the Bible, but it do seem to me rather like the old witches and things; but I knows it must be all right, or you wouldn't do it."

"Oh, it's all right, Dawkins, dear! Now, you've made me feel ever so much better. Go and get me some nice tea, and I'll see what it's about."

Dawkins left the room, and Gracie went over to her phonograph and pushed the cylinder home with the speed of long practice, started the machine working, and listened.

"Miss Lenville, please listen to this very carefully and alone."

How she started, as she seemed to recognise the tones of a deep, rich voice that brought back the memory of the Yorkshire moors—and other things!

"The person who is speaking to you is Dick Lefroy."

Gracie jammed the lever down and stopped the machine working. The reaction after the afternoon's dulness was too great. And she felt inclined to be angry, for was not this an unwarrantable liberty? Still, liberty or no, she might as well hear it out, for it was rather interesting. She moved the lever again.

"I am afraid you will think I am taking a great liberty in using this means of communication with you. My only apology is stern necessity, and I entreat you to suspend your judgment till you have heard me to the end. A fortnight ago, I wrote to you asking if I might call when in York on circuit. I waited and got no answer, and came to York last week. On Thursday I rode out, meaning to call. I met

Dawkins at Newton village, and she told me all about the trouble you had had with your eyes. She told me that you, whom I had come to look on as my best friend, were ill, and that I could not come to see you. I asked her to bring you a note, but she said you were not allowed to read or write, and she could do neither."

Again Gracie stopped the machine. Why had Dawkins never told her all this? And what was coming? "Come to look on as my best friend." She heard his voice shake when that came. And, then, why had her mother never told her about his note? Again she turned the lever on.

"I found out that for six months you were to be shut out of my life, and, friend dear, I felt that I could not stand it. I wanted to help you in your loneliness, but I would not let Dawkins tell you I'd seen her. I thought it would do no good. And at last I hit on this expedient of speaking to you. I know it must seem an almost unwarrantable impertinence—and yet you had given me leave to write to you. That would not have seemed an impertinence on my part, and so I have tried to hope you will excuse this phonograph letter. But that is not all. I do not know when I may see you again. I do not know whether I shall be able to talk to you again like this—and for that reason, just because the circumstances are so exceptional, I am going to throw myself on your mercy."

"Grace, Grace, my darling! don't you know you are the one woman in the world to me? My beloved, my beloved!"—How the strong voice shook!—"words seem such feeble things to tell you of my love! You hold the key of life for me—you are my other soul. I sometimes dream there is truth in the beautiful idea that the souls of true lovers have loved before. Beloved, I think I have loved you in some other world. Perhaps I have remembered our love first, but I want to teach you to remember it, too. I know, I know, that my love for you is the love that belongs to the 'forever.' I'm afraid of life without you. I feel I should be lonely. No; it's worse than that. I can't face death without you. Eternity looks lonely without your love—Oh, the cylinder is just coming to an end! Please go on to the next."

Gracie's feelings gave vent to the emotions she had just gone through by a burst of uncontrollable laughter at the bathos of her lover's last remark. But she wasted no time in fitting on the next cylinder, and the voice continued—

"Forgive the interruption, darling: tragedy and comedy are seldom far apart. Oh, I must tell you a little more how I love you! I want to wake the soul of love in you to life. Your soul is the angel that every sculptor sees inside the marble, and he wants to bid it awake. I want to awake your soul, my beloved, my beloved!" Grace heard the strong voice break almost into a sob. "Listen," it went on. "If you feel you have nothing to give me in return, then do not listen to the rest of this message, but remember all through life that you have done nothing for which you need blame yourself. You have made my life the nobler for having known you, and, if it is to be that we part, then Farewell, my beloved, and God be with thee!"

Grace did not think it was necessary to refrain from hearing the rest of the message, and so listened again.

"If you can return my love, beloved, then this thing belongs to you and to me alone, and you have a right to tell me. Speak a message into your phonograph. Give it to Dawkins to carry to-morrow to Newton. At the post-office she will find an express messenger-boy, who is very intelligent and well coached. He will bring it straight to town to me by train, and I shall know by to-morrow night whether I am to be happy."

A look of infinite joy came over the girl's face as the message finished, and she put her head in her hands, and for a few moments her lips moved, but no human ear heard the words she uttered. The love that purifies man and ennoble woman had found its natural outlet in communion with that eternal world to which it knows itself to be akin.

Then, raising her head, with a smile of such womanly tenderness in her eyes, she fitted a new cylinder into the phonograph and began her first love-story—

"I scarcely know how to begin. Let me say at once that I think conventionality has nothing to do with real love. Its maxims are for the counterfeit of love. The love you have for me is something so holy that it rises above all these things, and therefore there is nothing for me to forgive in your action, and, for the same reason, I have no feeling of shame in answering you. You have the right to an answer that every man has when he does a woman the honour you have done me." There she stopped—not to think what to say, that was clear to her mind, but how to say it.

Again she started. "I cannot tell you how humble your great love for me makes me feel—and how grateful. I find it hard to talk to you at a distance at such a moment—and the heritage of conventionality *will* rise before a woman at such a moment. But you have a right to ask that I should think of you and not of conventionality. 'Yes'—my answer is 'yes, I can love you. I do love you.' There, now I have broken down the last barrier. My darling, my love, I am so lonely, so miserable! Your letter never reached me. Lord Gretton is here, and bores me to death. My darling, don't think it strange of me if, having once told you I love you, I let myself say it again. For love to me is so grand, so noble, that I feel almost overwhelmed at the thought that it has come to me. My heart is too full for more at present, so farewell, my darling. Send me another message soon."

The rest of the story is soon told. The next message that came was Dick Lefroy in person, and, when Dick Lefroy wanted to get a thing, he was hard to stop; when he wanted it really badly, he was irresistible. And so the mother and the lordling found.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

THE NEW SAVOY DIRECTION.

THE news that Mr. William Greet (not Mr. Ben Greet, as so extensively announced) has been in treaty for the lease of that popular theatre, the Savoy, did not come as a surprise to some of us. It has for some time been understood by those "in the know, you know," that Mr. Greet and his partner in so many enterprises, Mr. E. C. Engelbach to wit, had an eye upon this celebrated house when Mr. D'Oyly Carte first fell seriously ill. But for the fact that the devoted and indomitable Mrs. Carte was so long able to keep the theatre going by her own ability and energy, Messrs. "G. and E." would probably have acquired the Savoy ere now. At the moment of writing, it seems likely that these busy co-workers will settle with Mrs. Carte, who naturally needs rest and quiet. It is certain that, should they do so, they will (wisely, as I think) continue to run the theatre mainly on the excellent lines laid down and so cleverly worked by Mr. and Mrs. Carte. To this end, there is talk of contracts being made with All Concerned at present.

MR. GREET,

who has long been regarded (rightly or wrongly) as the richest London theatrical manager, first became known to theatre folk as business-manager for Mr. Horace Sedger and Mr. Willie Edouin. Previous to that, he was in the Marines—the persons to whom many are requested to tell stories. Indeed, Mr. Greet ploughed the stormy main for some time, but anon he forsook Neptune for Thalia, and he has not had cause to regret his second choice. He will still, however, o' nights—especially at a certain noted Nautical Club—give off many a yarn concerning those who go down to the sea in ships. It was this Mr. Greet (with him the aforesaid Mr. Engelbach and Another) who was instrumental in causing Mr. Wilson Barrett to bring "The Sign of the Cross" to London. This play was the foundation of their fortune. Anon, they secured the London and provincial rights of many other successes and the leases of several theatres, including the



MISS ESMÉ BERINGER AS SHE APPEARS TO THE DELIGHT OF HER ADMIRERS IN "A WOMAN IN THE CASE," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Photo by Lydell Sawyer, Regent Street, W.

Lyric and the Comedy, both of which they sublet at big "profit-rentals." Messrs. Greet and Engelbach are also directors of the Alhambra and other important houses, and, altogether, they may be said to be, in the popular racing location of the day, "going strong."

ADA REEVE GOING TO DALY'S.

When Mr. George Edwardes produces his next new musical play at Daly's, a play tentatively entitled "Three Little Maids," Miss Ada Reeve

will, despite the many rumours to the contrary, play the leading feminine comedy-part. Why this arrangement seems to be doubted is not easy to understand. Some time ago, *The Sketch* announced this engagement, on a personal statement made to the present writer by Miss Reeve herself the day before she embarked on the *Ormuz* for



MISS HELEN MACBETH, WHO PLAYS CHARMINGLY IN "LION HUNTERS," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

Photo by Fraser and Jennings.

Melbourne, where she is now about due. Miss Reeve went out for a health trip, and is to re-embark directly she lands there. At the time of Miss Reeve's starting on her Antipodean voyage, there was a probability that Mr. Edwardes might produce this new musical play at the Prince of Wales's. Other arrangements, however, have since been made.

"PELLÉAS AND MELISANDE."

The matinées of "Pelléas and Melisande," at the Royalty, attracted many playgoers curious to see Maeterlinck's much-discussed play. Probably most of them were more charmed by the admirable acting of Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mr. Martin Harvey, and by the strange but beautiful music of M. Gabriel Fauré, than by the actual drama of the "Belgian Shakspeare," which, to be just, loses heavily in translation, though the English version is not without merit. Mr. Titheradge, who follows Mr. Forbes-Robertson as Gorland, the jealous husband, played with much skill and sincerity, but the poetic note was lacking. Miss Winifred Fraser made the small part of the Queen prominent by her excellent elocution.

MR. MARTIN HARVEY AT THE APOLLO.

It was a heavy task for Mr. Martin Harvey to play Pelléas superbly in the afternoon, and then, in the evening, present at the Apollo Theatre "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance," and act the chief part as well as on the real first-night. "Toff Jim," the new *lever-de-rideau* at the Apollo, is not for every market. The attempt at realism is not quite successful, and the elaborately drawn coster-girl, even with Miss de Silva in the part, did not show the truth necessary to render the piece very effective. Mr. Fred Wright junior has written some clever "curtain-raisers" of an agreeable character, and will be wise if he shuns the temptation to try to set such creatures on the stage in a realistic fashion. "Toff Jim" himself is, perhaps, the unique case of a chief person in a play not being heard to speak and barely seen during the whole work.

"PILLARS OF SOCIETY."

The "Pillars of Society," given by the Stage Society at the Garrick Theatre, will hardly revive the old Ibsen controversy, since it is not very characteristic of "The Master." The revival had the merit at least of showing that a number of meritorious players we possess who are not started. The Consul Berneck of Mr. Oscar Asche was really admirable.

"WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS," AT THE CRITERION,

ought to draw if for nothing but the Jim Blagden of Mr. Bouchier, and, of course, too, of Mr. Carton, who conceived the character; whilst the part of the not quite faultless Mrs. Bulwer is once more delightful in the hands of Miss Compton—indeed, it is rather the acting, with the finely finished performances by Mr. Dion Boucicault and Mr. Eric Lewis, than the actual play, with its somewhat ugly story, that is likely to bring success to the revival.

"THE SECRET ORCHARD."

No doubt Mr. Egerton Castle's play, "The Secret Orchard," is an effective, grim piece of dramatic work, perhaps painful, perhaps even rather needlessly painful, but certainly clever, and at moments thrilling. Possibly, at the present moment, when the country is in a state of stress and sorrow, one has greater appetite for more cheerful entertainment,



THE LATE MR. GEORGE CONQUEST, THE CELEBRATED ACTOR-AUTHOR-ACROBAT-MANAGER OF THE SURREY THEATRE.

Photo by Van der Weyde, Regent Street, W.

and yet such a feeling ought hardly to influence one in considering a question of art. The most important fact is that the play brings the Kendals back to town, he giving a fine, well-thought-out performance as the Duke, and she exhibiting for a while little save almost negative quality, since the part is not strikingly drawn, yet, in the great moment, asserting her superb gifts. A big "hit" was made by Miss Grace Lane, who is now a force to be reckoned with; nor should Miss Hilda Rivers be overlooked, even if her American accent is a little too vigorous.

"THE CASE OF REBELLIOUS SUSAN."

Mr. Jones's brilliant comedy was withdrawn before it had outplayed its welcome, and so one is glad to see the revival of the play, now at Wyndham's Theatre, formerly at his old home, the Criterion. The comedy is one of the most successful written by its author, and well deserves its success, since it is witty and well-constructed, and richly defiant of age. Mr. Wyndham plays his old part of Sir Richard Kato in his inimitable fashion, and Miss Mary Moore once more represents the rebellious Susan. A "hit" was made by Mr. Alfred Bishop with a capital piece of acting as the wicked, jolly old Admiral; and Miss Marie Illington acted pleasantly as his wife. Miss Violet Vanbrugh was delightfully arch as the widow who witches Mr. Wyndham.

DEATH OF MR. GEORGE CONQUEST.

The popular pantomimist and Manager of the Surrey Theatre died at his Brixton residence on the 14th inst., it was learnt with great regret, from exhaustion caused by heart-disease. Mr. Conquest was born in London, and first appeared as a pantomimist many, many years ago at the Grecian Theatre, where some of his most remarkable trap-leaps were performed. He generally introduced some novel figure in each pantomime, and he has appeared as an octopus, a bat, a crab, a porcupine, and a magical tree. One of his most successful transformations was a gigantic head. Another figure in one of his pantomimes

was a grotesque dwarf who suddenly changes to a giant. Mr. Conquest had extraordinary physical energy, and in a Surrey pantomime produced some few years ago he took leaps of thirty and forty feet above the floor of the stage. Mr. Conquest had been lessee of the Surrey Theatre since 1886, and was formerly lessee of the Grecian Theatre. His great abilities as a pantomimist were greatly admired not only in London, but in Paris, an eminent French critic speaking of him as "the greatest pantomimist in the world." His last public performance was in 1894, when he appeared for the benefit of Mr. Cruikshank, of the Surrey. Mr. Conquest was a generous manager, a true friend, and his affectionate nature was so severely tried when his beloved wife died, in consequence of a carriage-accident, that he never quite recovered his old cheerful and buoyant spirits. His son is a clever pantomimist. He first appeared, at eight years of age, as a dog in the pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe." He also frequently played with his father, much of whose talent he inherits. The Surrey Theatre was closed on the day Mr. Conquest died.

HERR KUBELIK.

The concert given at St. James's Hall on the 11th inst. by the extraordinary Bohemian violinist, Herr Kubelik, attracted an enormous audience, whose enthusiasm rose to an almost feverish pitch when the young violinist played Paganini's famous "Witches' Dance," a solo brimming over with novel and fantastic effects of astounding difficulty, but overcome by Herr Kubelik with the utmost ease.

MR. ROBERT GANTHONY'S RECITALS.

When a man is going to fight, he takes off his coat; when he is going to entertain, he takes off his moustache, which will not only account for Mr. Ganthony looking so unlike his former self, but also for his being able to look so unlike his present self in the photographs (reproduced on page 190) in reference to his new entertainment with which he is delighting the provinces. He intends subsequently to submit what he terms his "Ganthonicals" to Londoners. The idea of giving a conjuring entertainment as a character-sketch was originated by him years ago at the Egyptian Hall, in connection with Messrs. Maskelyne and Cook's entertainment, also his well-known scientific lecture on the "Funnigraph." The imitation of a musical grotesque, together with imitation of the instruments upon which he performs, is certainly a novelty. A respectability is imparted to the various programmes arranged by "Our Curate," who says a few words on the works of our unknown poets, "Jack and Jill," "Little Bo-Peep," and other pastoral epics. In addition, ladies contribute ballads, instrumental soli, there are dramatic fragments by a bijou company; and musical sketches, illustrations of pure ventriloquism, and lightning caricature with both hands give the public assurance of a bright, amusing, and varied evening if they visit Mr. Ganthony's recitals, which started at Southsea on Monday, May 6.

MISS MAUD DARLING.

The young lady whose portraits I have the pleasure of giving is a songstress of remarkable ability and readiness. For example, Miss Maud Darling played the parts of Phyllis Rankin and Edna May on one and the same night, April 29, at the Richmond Theatre in Mr. Ben Greet's principal "Belle of New York" Company. The lady played Fifi until after the duet in Act II., and, upon the sudden indisposition of the "Belle," she at once undertook that rôle, and had enthusiastic applause accordingly from the crowded house. Good fortune to her!



Photo by Weatherly Bros., Bolton.

MISS MAUD DARLING AS VIOLET GREY IN "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK."



Photo by Arcade Studio, Reading.

MISS MAUD DARLING AS FIFI IN "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK," ON TOUR.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Excess in Gears—The Custody of Cycles—Tied Spokes—Back-Wheel Brakes—Cycling for Children—Vulcanised Tyres—The Wind in Favour—The Cyclists' Champion—Summer Clothing.

Time to light up: Wednesday, May 22, 8.51; Thursday, 8.52; Friday, 8.54; Saturday, 8.56; Sunday, 8.57; Monday, 8.58; Tuesday, 9.

I notice a tendency this season among many riders to have gears even higher than was general in the last two years. To a constant and experienced rider with plenty of muscle a high gear is all right. To an ordinary rider, however—especially one who tours to any extent—a high gear is by no means an advantage. As British machines are heavy, it is a benefit to have a comparatively low gear. But some folks, feeling the inconvenience of a heavy machine, adopt a lightly built wheel and, at the same time, increase their gear. The result is that the labour they have dispensed with in point of weight is put on again in point of gear. This is a matter too much overlooked. In cycling, as in all other things, there is nothing like a happy medium. A gear from seventy to seventy-six is probably the most acceptable.

As lots of people are now making daily excursions awheel into the country, there is a point they should remember regarding the custody of their cycles. An innkeeper is, of course, legally responsible for the safe custody of his guests' machines. This, however, does not apply to private hotels, temperance hotels, or the little refreshment-rooms that one often finds in villages. You may halt at one of these places, the servant of the proprietor may take charge of your machine, put it in a shed that may be labelled "Specially for Cycles," and yet, if it is stolen, you will have absolutely no claim against the proprietor. Private-hotel keepers and others are glad enough to give an eye to their customer's machine, but their undertaking to guard it will bring you no recompense should some cycling thief be about and ride off with your wheel whilst you are enjoying a comfortable luncheon.

It would be a good plan if British bicycle-manufacturers would cease their practice of tying tangent spokes. The very object of tangent spokes is to obtain a longitudinal pull instead of a transverse, and thus get rid of what is known as the shearing strain. There should be an almost imperceptible "give" among the spokes, so that all remain taut. But by tying them, this, the original object, is practically destroyed. What is done is that the diameter of the hub is really extended to where the binding takes place, and, when a spoke is inclined to give unduly, then, instead of distributing the strain to the rest of the wheel, a particular strain is put upon the attached spoke, which runs considerable risk of snapping.

Cyclists are divided in opinion as to whether the brake on a back-wheel should be applied by hand on the rim or on the hub by the pedal. One of the best machines I have in my little stud is a back-peddalling band-brake. It is a splendid machine. But I have never become enthusiastic over that band-brake. Its power is undoubted. I have ridden down the steepest of hills—when there have been a couple of boards at the top stating it to be dangerous—with comfort and safety. The difficulty, however, I have chiefly found has been when riding in traffic, or when wanting to apply my brake to suddenly stop the machine. It may, of course, be my lack of proficiency; but I confess that I cannot help, without most extreme care, putting on the brake to excess and almost locking the wheel. On the whole, therefore, I think that a rim-brake, though not quite so strong as a brake of the band type, is more useful, especially when worked in connection with the brake on the front-rim, because a hand-manipulated brake can be more gently applied than one worked with the foot.

This morning I received two letters from parents asking my advice in regard to the purchase of machines for children. I do not care to particularly classify machines in this column, because it may be taken I am implying that machines by non-mentioned makers are not satisfactory. What I say is this: You may take seven or eight of the principal makers in England and in point of quality and workmanship find comparatively little difference. The difference is one of choice

and preference. I never argue with a man who is riding one of the high-grade machines if he wants to prove that his particular mount is of a better manufacture than the high-grade wheel that I happen to be riding and which is of another make. I have ridden a sufficient number of bicycles to know that they all have their good points. To my correspondents, therefore, I would say, go to a good agent and buy for your children bicycles that bear well-known names. Let the machines, however, be stoutly built, intended for rough use rather than for speed. Further, you should be very careful that the gears are low—about sixty. Above all, keep a watchful eye that the enthusiasm of the youngsters does not lead them to excessive and, consequently, dangerous riding. Boys and girls will ride long after they feel wearied, which is bad in itself. But a long and continued strain on the limbs of a growing person is really injurious. Enthusiastic as I always am on behalf of cycling, I do not shut my eyes to the fact that it may be abused.

Cyclists should welcome the tendency among tyre-manufacturers to adopt the practice of vulcanising their tyres. One of the worries of the cyclist is for little cuts to be made in the case between the rubber and the canvas, so that grit enters and raises nasty-looking "boils," which grow larger and larger, tearing the rubber from the fabric and leading the way to the whole thing bursting. When you come across one of these "boils," the best plan is to take a penknife, slightly cut the rubber, and then extract all the grit that has got in between the rubber and the canvas. This must be done carefully and thoroughly. Then solution should be inserted and the fabric and rubber allowed to become properly attached. If, however, the practice of vulcanising is adopted, this kind of difficulty will not crop up. A vulcanised tyre is rather more difficult to mend than an ordinary built-up tyre, but it is less liable to puncture; it also wears longer, and is speedier.



MR. AND MRS. DAN LENO AND THEIR CYCLING FAMILY.

Photo by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

It is a standing joke among cyclists that, whenever they go out for a ride and there is any wind, it is sure to be blowing against them. This idea is rather ministered to by the fact that even the gentlest zephyr-like breeze gets to be half-a-gale if you are cycling with any impetus towards it. Many folks have a whimsical idea that the wind, out of pure perverseness, always swings round and faces them, and so retards progress. If you are going out for a day's spin, and there really is a breeze to be contended with, the best plan to adopt is to ride with the wind at one's back, paying comparatively little heed to the prospect of the wind

troubling on the return journey, because, in nine cases out of ten, when a breeze has been blowing during the daytime, it falls away at sundown.

The politician who in Parliament heckles the President of the Board of Trade in regard to obtaining reasonable facilities for cyclists on railways is Sir Howard Vincent. Sir Howard is the man from Sheffield, a soldierly, breezy gentleman, whose "hear-hears" in the course of the debates startle the country visitor to the Commons very much as the hoarse cry of the corn-crake would startle you if you were taking a walk some summer evening. Whether Sir Howard will be successful in obtaining a tithe of the many things we require from the railway companies I much doubt. But Sir Howard has always been a leader of forlorn hopes, and from his place on the third bench behind the Ministry he every now and then pours shots of interrogation at Mr. Gerald Balfour, the President of the Board of Trade, as to whether anything cannot be done for the cyclists.

The question of proper clothing for the cyclist is always with us. In winter, it is easy enough to decide, because we all clothe ourselves as warmly as we can. The difficulty comes with summer. From an ideal point of view, one should wear the lightest of linen shirts, which look cool and comfortable. Yet, from a sensible point of view, there is really nothing like wool. I know many riders advocate cellular cotton clothing, on the ground that it has all the advantages of wool and none of the ordinary disadvantages of cotton. I have tried each, and can hardly agree that it is so. The cellular fabric is certainly an improvement, but it falls far short of wool as a safe and healthy garment. Wool absorbs perspiration, and then gives it off to the outer air; cotton, on the other hand, absorbs it but retains it, and in time becomes uncomfortable. This is even so, to a degree, with cellular. Many people have an objection to the roughness of wool, but in these days, when woollen garments are made almost as fine as silk, that reason cannot hold.—J. F. F.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The Derby. The three-year-old form is now very much upset—that is to say, any one three-year-old could be given to beat any other—but I think when the race for the Derby comes to be decided it will be found that many of us will fall back on the late Matthew Dawson's theory that a good two-year-old generally made a good three-year-old as long as he remained sound. Volodyovski was the best two-year-old, and I think he will prove at Epsom to be a long way in front of the others. John Porter has nothing better than William the Third, and Darling's lot may not be ready until the Leger comes to be run for. Handicapper is, I take it, the danger to the favourite, and he certainly is a tearaway sort of colt, but I do not think he will act to advantage down the Epsom slopes. The Frenchmen's idol, Jour de Fête, is shattered in a way. The colt is to run for the Grand Prix, and I think this should put him out of court so far as our Derby is concerned. Of course, there may be a dark 'un to settle with, but I very much doubt it, and I feel pretty confident that Lester Reiff will ride the winner of the Derby.

"S.-P." There is a lot of starting-price betting done in London, and many of the big bookmakers employ agents to collect papers at certain points of the Metropolis. The mode of procedure is this: The agent has a box, and all the papers are deposited in this, and the box is locked before the time set for the decision of the race. When the key has once been turned, a word appears, and this word is telegraphed off to the bookmaker. Of course, the latter is protected by the coding of the telegram, as he can tell at once the exact time the message was handed in. I believe different compartments and different words are used for each race. Of course, the agent is not acquainted beforehand with the word that will appear, and this is changed every day. It is, I am told, absolutely impossible to tamper with the box when once it has been locked, and the plan is an unbeatable one for the purpose for which it is employed.

Trainers. Our younger trainers are an exceptionally smart-looking lot of men. For real, right-down nattiness in appearance, J. Watson, who trains for Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, comes first. He is by no means a fop, but is always well dressed. Pickering, Blackwell, Percy Peck, W. Robinson, G. Chaloner, and Sadler junior dress in the height of fashion, while the ex-jockeys Fred Webb and John Watts are good customers of the tailors. Of the older trainers, R. Marsh dresses in far better style than do some of his patrons, and the wag who, some few years back, told us that among those to be seen in the Paddock at Epsom were the Duke of Marsh and Mr. Devonshire evidently had eyes for to see. John Porter dons the top-hat and black suit at Goodwood, Ascot, and sometimes at Newmarket. At the other meetings he affects the "bowler" and the brown covert-coat. Tom Jennings junior looks and dresses like a gentleman, and Charles Archer is the picture of neatness. Tom Sherwood is the finest-looking man among the trainers, and he and his late brother, Robert, were the two finest men to be met with on the course; if we except Mr. Millard, the bookmaker. Tom Wadlow is the tallest trainer, and Sam Darling one of the shortest.

Jockeys. I am not sure whether or not I have mentioned the fact before. If so, I must do so again to point my argument. It is this: Lester Reiff, Halsey, and the cross-country rider, Fitton, are in appearance very much alike. They ride in the same style,

and generally handle their horses the same. All three are good-natured, quiet, unassuming fellows. They handle horses tenderly, and, as a consequence, are wonderfully successful. You could not possibly mistake either one of the three for a butcher-jockey. Yet, remarkable as it may seem, Halsey began his riding as a butcher-boy, and he used to have to deliver joints of meat on horseback. Later on, he acted as a sort of rough-rider in a steeplechase stable, but directly he was given a chance in races he showed that he was an artist in the saddle. It is only during the last two or three years that he has shone on the flat, and he is very lucky indeed in being able to keep his weight down without wasting. Halsey was 'cute enough to see that the American style of riding paid, and he was one of the first English jockeys to copy the Sloanites. He is very likely to maintain a good average in the saddle.



HANDSOME SILVER CUP PRESENTED BY THE KING TO THE WEST NORFOLK HUNT CLUB.

Handicaps. The time has arrived to rearrange the dates for issuing the Spring Handicaps. It is not fair to the Handicappers to publish the weights for the City and Suburban and Jubilee at the same time as those for the Lincoln Handicap. The days of ante-post betting are numbered, and the Stewards of the Jockey Club should forbid the weights for any handicap to be allotted more than a month prior to the decision of the race. In the case of the foreign horses, these should all the time be handicapped up to their best form shown in any country, for it is very unfair to English breeders to have to compete against acclimatised horses brought from America and Australia. The Handicappers put the foreigners on the back mark to start with, but they adopt the sliding scale too readily, until the Australian and American horses are supposed to have big handicaps at their mercy, and the results often show that they have, too.

Prince Soltykoff. I am very glad to hear that Prince Soltykoff has sent some of his horses to C. Wood's place at Jevington to be trained for future engagements. Charley Wood is, I consider, one of the smartest business-men we have on the Turf. He had very bad luck with Lord Rosebery's horses, but, in my opinion, the animals were a bad lot. Wood has a sweetly pretty house on the South Downs, and the gallops are grand, so that, with useful horses, he should win some races, and no one would begrudge Prince Soltykoff a good win, as he is a sportsman of the very first water. True, the Russian Prince has often changed his trainer, and he has been very fond in the past of seeing his horses tried too often, thereby leaving many a race on the training-ground.

CAPTAIN COE.

THE KING AND STEEPLECHASING.

The members of the West Norfolk Hunt Club may esteem themselves signally favoured, inasmuch as they are the recipients of the first public presentation His Majesty King Edward VII. has made since his Accession. This consists of an extremely handsome cup, an illustration of which is published, and is of massive silver, forming a striking example of high-class workmanship in "l'art Nouveau" style. It is delicately hand-wrought throughout, and is embellished with a realistic scene illustrating an unusually exciting incident of the chase. The cover for the trophy, which may be used on occasion as a loving-cup, is modelled in the same graceful character as the cup itself, and is appropriately surmounted with the Imperial Crown resting upon a cushion. His Majesty honoured the well-known firm of art silversmiths and goldsmiths, Messrs. Mappin Brothers, of 220, Regent Street, W., and 66, Cheapside, with his command for the above.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

WE of this New Century are generally accredited with "doing ourselves well," to drop into the appropriate and accredited metaphor of the times. Our wants are many, but our luxurious means of supplying them are even more, and, if science could only sum up such remaining matters as the *par exemple* prolonging of youth and the banishment of physical infirmities; there would seem little left for this up-to-date wizard to accomplish. Meanwhile, in one matter the old Romans excelled our best efforts, and that was in all connected with the bath. In every house of these well-washed antique philosophers was to be found an especially luxurious apartment devoted to bathing. Then, compare our modern slits of bath-rooms, with their sordid fittings, to such interiors as the great novelist brings before us in "Quo Vadis?" and a wholesome object-lesson of our domestic shortcomings is shown us forthwith. But, even granting that bath-rooms are not yet brought up to the decorative level of our drawing-rooms, it is quite certain that one and all should contain what so few enjoy—that is, the possibility of a Turkish bath, and this can best be done at home by the introduction of the Century Thermal Bath, which is an easily moved folding-cabinet. It is convenient, cheap, and inexpressibly comforting in its use, a restorer and vitaliser in the best sense, and, as retailed by the Century Bath Cabinet Company at 205, Regent

beauties upstairs, the Kit-Kat Room below was made the background of an ambitious display of amateur histrionics, nothing less than "The Bells" being one of the pieces selected, in which Dr. Ker Grey did excellent things with Mathias, and one of Mr. George Grossmith's girls



FASHIONABLE DRESS FOR THE RIVER OF WHITE LINEN.

Street—namely, thirty-five, fifty, or seventy shillings complete, according to requirements—forms an easily purchasable addition to the household, and an inestimably health-giving one to boot.

The members of the Pioneer Club were at home at the Grafton Galleries on Wednesday evening, where, in addition to the light and leading supplied by Mr. Goldsborough Anderson's charming roll-call of



[Copyright.]

SMART RACE-COAT OF HELIOTROPE CLOTH.

personated Annette very creditably, while many other items of a well-arranged programme were apparently much enjoyed by a large and interested assembly of guests.

Apropos of pictures and photographs, a new system of producing the former by copying the latter has just been brought to my notice as the work of two clever artists whose method is already favourably known to the smart Parisian. This system, known only to the craftsmen in question, enables them to reproduce, in crayon or pastel, artistic and faithful reproductions of any photograph whatsoever in any size or enlargement. The work is permanent and beautifully soft in appearance. As the system is new and not yet known to dilettanti on this side of the Channel, a studio has been established at 76, Prince's Square, Bayswater, where, for the absurdly low sum of twelve-and-sixpence, Messrs. Floris and Co. undertake to execute these excellent enlargements. All the enlargements shown me of small or faded photographs are surprisingly faithful and lifelike, and open up quite a vista of picture galleries for that section of the public which is not included in the elect of "Kaffir," "Jungle," or "Westralian" millionaires. A last word of reassurance may be added that the "Floris" crayon-work is the work of expert and conscientious artists.

A good deal of correspondence has reached me on the burning question of unflammable clothes since a recent Odyssey on that subject, to which foregoing unfortunate events had given rise. Many propositions have been put forward and materials suggested as the ideal underwear for lovely women. But, in the test, these vaunted vestments have been either frankly wool, which shrink in the wash-tub process to mere symbols of their former shapes, or else cotton cleverly manipulated, but

still cotton, so that out of the ruck one is left with Viyella, which, being a scientific admixture of wool and cotton, may be said to resist every inroad of shrinkage with a settled superiority to other ambitious but incompetent materials. Viyella is, in a word, the durable and unshrinkable, therefore the only satisfactory stuff yet produced for all kinds of warm lingerie, as well as petticoats, dressing-gowns, and so forth. Many of the colourings are quite lovely.

Turning from the question of personal belongings to that of domestic, I find that a veritable "occasion" awaits the *Hausfrau* just now at Maple's, whose firm, having secured several manufacturers' accumulations of household linens, propose to give their customers the advantages

of such all and sundry bargains as shall accrue during the coming week. The sale, which begins on the 20th, will last throughout the week. Irish damask table-cloths, linen and cotton sheets, embroidered quilts, and other desirable items of the dower-chest will be exposed for sale at prices calculated to wring the heart of a linen-manufacturer, so it is hoped that a public rapacious for bargains and alive to the advantages of cheap lots will hasten to the dispersal of this sacrificial pile of snowy napery at Tottenham Court Road.

There is always a connection in my mind between sheets and lavender-scent, born, no doubt, of long-past nursery-days, when a delighted peep into the odorous linen-press, with its piled-up heaps of glistening, sweet-smelling napery, was one of the rewards of budding merit and juvenile virtue, so that, in natural sequence, I speak in praise of a Lavender Water made by Mühlens, of Cologne, and retailed at their Dépôt, 62, New Bond Street, as being of quite superexcellent fragrance and sweetness. No

less than the Eau-de-Cologne which has made Mr. Mühlens' name so widely known—the famous "4711"—should this Lavender Water claim an equal reputation, while another world-wide scent which owes its discovery to the same administration is Mühlens' Rhine Violet, which may, indeed, be termed one of the landmarks that guide fastidious womankind to 62, New Bond Street. Mühlens' Rhine Gold and Mühlens' Malmaison are, again, world-famous productions on which there is no necessity to dilate, seeing how established in the affections of well-cared-for women are these seductive scents and essences.—SYBIL.



THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" VASE.

This handsome vase was presented for the 1901 "Daily Telegraph" competition in marching and shooting. Messrs. Benson, of Ludgate Hill, were responsible for its production.

FOR WHITSUNTIDE TRAVELLERS.

PARIS, NORMANDY, AND BRITTANY.

The Brighton Railway Company are announcing that, by their Newhaven-Dieppe route to Paris and the Continent, through the charming scenery of Normandy and the Valley of the Seine, a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris will be run from London by the express day service on Saturday, May 25, and also by the express night service on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, May 23, 24, and 25. To ensure punctuality, two or more trains and steamers will be run each day as required by the traffic.

THE SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY

announce that cheap tickets to Tunbridge Wells, St. Leonards, Hastings, Canterbury, Sandwich, Deal, Walmer, Birchington, Westgate, Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Margate, Hythe, Sandgate, Shorncliffe, Folkestone, Dover, Sittingbourne, Sheerness, Faversham, Whitstable, Herne Bay, and New Romney will be issued from London on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, May 24, 25, and 26, available for the return journey on Wednesday, May 29.

THE LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN.

On Friday and Saturday, May 24 and 25, excursion tickets will be issued to Guernsey and Jersey by trains leaving Paddington 9.15 p.m. (Friday), and Waterloo at 9.50 p.m. (Saturday). The service to and from the Islands being now worked jointly by the London and South-Western and Great Western Railway Companies, passengers travelling on the forward journey *via* Waterloo and Southampton may, if they so desire, return *via* Weymouth and Paddington, and those proceeding *via* Paddington and Weymouth may return *via* Southampton and Waterloo.

THE GREAT WESTERN

announce that excursions will be run on Thursday, May 23, to Cork, Killarney, Belfast, Armagh, Giant's Causeway, &c.; on Friday, May 24,

to Gloucester, Cheltenham, Worcester, Hereford, Shrewsbury, Oswestry, Aberystwyth, Bala, Dolgelly, Barmouth, Manchester, Chester, Birkenhead, Liverpool, Rhyl, Llandudno, Bangor, Carnarvon, Waterford, Tipperary, Limerick, Killarney, Weston-super-Mare, Taunton, Minehead, &c.; on Friday night, to Bath, Bristol, Exeter, Plymouth, Falmouth, Penzance, Chepstow, Newport, Cardiff, Swansea, Carmarthen, Milford, and other stations in South Wales, Chester, Liverpool, Douglas (Isle of Man), &c.; on Saturday, May 25, to Newbury, Savernake, Marlborough, Devizes, Frome, Yeovil, Dorchester, Weymouth, Minehead, Lynton, Lynmouth, Ilfracombe, Exeter, Torquay, Plymouth, Penzance, Oxford, Birmingham, &c.; and on Saturday night to Bath, Bristol, Gloucester, Chepstow, Newport, Cardiff, Swansea, Carmarthen, &c.

THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY

announce that cheap excursions will be run on Friday, May 24, for 5 or 8 days, from London—Woolwich (Arsenal and Dockyard), Greenwich (S.E. and C.), Victoria (S.E. and C.), Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, King's Cross (G.N.), &c.—for Northallerton, Darlington, Richmond, Durham, Newcastle, Alnwick, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow (International Exhibition), Helensburgh, Dumbarton, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Dalmally, Oban, Fort William, Montrose, Aberdeen, Inverness, and other stations in Scotland. Passengers with five days' tickets return on Tuesdays, May 28, and those with eight days' tickets return on Friday, May 31.

THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN

have arranged excursions as follows: On Thursday, May 23, to Dublin, Greenore, Belfast, Achill, Ardglass, Armagh, Ballina, Bray, Bundoran, Cork, Downpatrick, Dundalk, Enniskillen, Galway, Greystones, Kenmare, Kilkee, Killaloe, Killarney, Limerick, Listowel, Londonderry, Navan, Newcastle (County Down), Newry, Oveca, Portrush, Rathfriland, Roscommon, Sligo, Thurles, Warrenpoint, Westport, Wexford, Wicklow, and other places in Ireland, to return within sixteen days; on Friday, May 24, to Abergele, Aberdovey, Aberystwyth, Amlwch, Bangor, Barmouth, Bettws-y-Coed, Birkenhead, Borth, Builth Wells, Carnarvon, Chester, &c., for four, eight, eleven, and fifteen days.

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY COMPANY

will run cheap excursion trains from London to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, &c., for sixteen days, *via* Liverpool, on Thursday, May 23, and *via* Morecambe, on Friday, May 31; also to Belfast, Londonderry, and Portrush for Giant's Causeway, *via* Barrow and *via* Liverpool, on Thursday, May 23; to Londonderry, *via* Liverpool or *via* Morecambe, on Saturday, May 25, to return within sixteen days, as per bill of sailing; on Friday night, May 24, to Carlisle, Castle Douglas, Dumfries, Helensburgh, Edinburgh, Greenock, Glasgow, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness, Ballater, &c., returning the following Tuesday or Friday.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

Cheap tickets available for eight days will be issued to Brussels May 22 or 25 inclusive and May 27, *via* Harwich and Antwerp. Passengers leaving London in the evening reach Brussels next morning after a comfortable night's rest on board the steamer. For visiting The Hague, Amsterdam, Utrecht, and other parts of Holland, the Rhine, North and South Germany, and Bâle, for Switzerland, special facilities are offered, *via* the Great Eastern Railway Company's Royal British Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland Route, through carriages being run to Amsterdam and Berlin, Cologne and Bâle.

THE GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY

have arranged these excursions, among others: Thursday, May 23, for sixteen days, to Ireland, including Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Giant's Causeway, Londonderry, and many other points. Saturday morning, May 25 (early), for three, six, and eight days; and Saturday, May 25 (night), for two, five, and seven days, to Rugby, Leicester, Nottingham, Sheffield, Liverpool, Manchester, &c. Saturday, May 25 (at convenient times), for three, six, and eight days, to the Midlands, Lincolnshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the North, including Brackley, Rugby, Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Sheffield, Worksop, Gainsborough, Grimsby, Rotherham, Doncaster, York, Newcastle, Darlington, Scarborough, Bridlington, Penistone, Bradford, Huddersfield, Halifax, Burnley, Bury, Accrington, Oldham, Ashton, Manchester, Warrington, Southport, Liverpool, and various other points.

DAILY SUMMER TRIPS TO THE UPPER THAMES.

The popular excursions from London to Henley by the Great Western Railway, and thence by steam-launch to Pangbourne or Cliveden Woods, will commence on Saturday, May 18, for the season. On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays the launch will run from Henley to Cliveden Woods; and on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Sundays from Henley to Pangbourne. The charge will be as previously, 21s., and will include first-class railway journey to and from Henley, the launch trip with luncheon on board and *table d'hôte* dinner at the Red Lion Hotel, Henley-on-Thames.

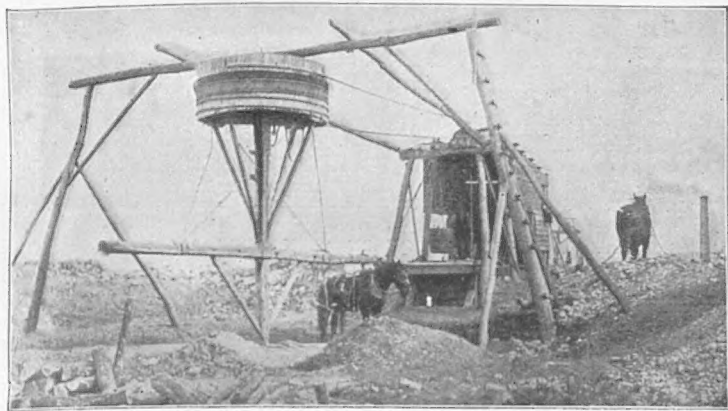
The Great Central Railway's Seaside, Farmhouse, and Country Lodgings and Hotel List for the present season is now ready. The book also contains descriptions and illustrations of many places of interest served by the Company's system. Copies of the List will be forwarded post free by the Company on application either to the Manchester or Marylebone (London) offices.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on May 29.

EXCITING TIMES.

VERY few members can remember more exciting times than the Stock Exchange has gone through over the collapse of the great Yankee boom. Business in the American Market was practically suspended for two days, and prices were, in most cases, purely nominal. The position was certainly serious until the Committee announced the suspension of the buying-in rule in the case of Northern



THE INFANCY OF A GOLD-MINE: WINDING QUARTZ WITH A WHIM.

Pacific, and there can be no doubt that, whatever may be said against the action of the authorities, it has saved a very ugly smash. The suspension of two small brokers and the resignation of a celebrated Oxford Blue and ex-Champion Sculler does not make a big list of killed. We wish we could say that the wounded bore a reasonable proportion to the dead.

LIKELY KAFFIRS.

We have on several occasions lately pointed out the probability of an improvement in Kaffirs. The more we see of this market, the more the undertone of strength, both here and in Paris, convinces us that any really good war-news would bring about a good rise, especially as the public (who have really never taken kindly to Jungle shares) would be glad enough to have a hand in a Kaffir boom founded on solid hopes of peace. Several correspondents in the last few weeks have asked us what we think worth buying upon the chance of Lord Kitchener bringing the struggle to an end, and we suggest a selection from the following: Simmer and Jack, Village Main Reef, Knights, Rand Victoria, Knight's Deep, Modderfontein, and Randfontein, all of which are solid properties and good value for money.

HOME RAILS.

Some of the minor prophets are already beginning to tell us what dividends may be expected upon the principal Home Railway stocks, and the estimates are naturally pitched in a very low key. The steady traffic decreases recorded week by week must inevitably tell upon the August distributions, but there is yet time for the principal companies to make a better showing than is at present expected. If the weather for the Whitsun holidays should turn out to be fine, the railways ought to reap excellent results, and, although we fear that, at the end of the half-year, most of the companies will exhibit decreases, we are optimistic enough to hope that the next five weeks will wipe off some of the stain already settled on the railways' characters.

Scotch stocks show no signs of diminishing in strength now that the Glasgow Exhibition is open. The North British Company is taking the lead, so far, but its stocks stick at the quotations reached previously upon anticipation of the Glasgow show. Caledonian Deferred is, however, the better stock so far as speculation goes; there is considerably more spring in the market, and dealings can be effected at closer prices than is the case with North British. Perhaps the stocks of both are now about as high as they are likely to go until the Railway Market becomes more generally animated. After the rise in Coras and British, we should scarcely advocate a purchase of either, but the Preferred stocks of both look fair speculative investments of the lock-up type.

Central Londons keep under par, and the finding of the Vibration Committee was considered sufficient excuse for shearing a small fraction off the price, which was soon put on again as buyers came into the market. For future investment, "Tubes" are well worth attention—the Ordinary shares, that is; the Half-shares are difficult to negotiate. City and South London stock has been unaccountably rising of late, for no particular reason at all, since buyers are exceedingly shy of coming forward for it. Sometimes a mere market movement gives shareholders a good opportunity for getting rid of poor stock.

THE RHODESIAN MARKET.

There are many indications that the Rhodesian Market in the Stock Exchange is preparing for one of its little occasional spurts. This time, if the spurt should come, there is some definite reason for it. Take the gold production of the Colony. The output for April, announced the other day, was only two ounces under the round 15,000, which

constitutes a record. Moreover, each of the four months' returns this year has been above anything obtained before, and the total amount for the current twelvemonth is 52,311 ounces, whereas for the whole of last year only 91,850 ounces came out of the country. It is worth noting that the returns from individual mines afford very little ground for congratulation: it is the country as a whole that is going ahead rather than detached areas. For instance, the Globe and Phoenix, whose shares are now quoted ex a dividend of 5s., won only 5022 ounces during April, a decrease of 81 ounces as compared with March, and merely 158 ounces more than were obtained in the short month of February. The Beatrice Mine, on the other hand, more than doubled the first month's output, and its April return is no less than 2480 ounces, a good showing for so young a concern.

The study of these facts and figures leads to the conclusion that it is rather to the Land and Exploration Companies that the speculator should turn who wants to take a Rhodesian "chance." Rhodesia Exploration is a very fair sample of the higher-priced shares of this class, while Chartered and Bechuanaland are representative of the cheaper descriptions. We do not think that a purchase of either would hurt anybody.

OUR THROGMORTON STREET RAMBLER.

"How quiet it all looks to-night!" exclaimed The Stranger to himself as he passed the end of Shorter's Court. "It was very different to this the last time I came down here. Wonder what's the matter?"

"Oh, yes, I think so," said a voice behind him. "The trouble is all patched up for this Account, anyway."

"Then you think it may break out again at the end of the month?" interrogated a second voice.

"Yes, that is what I fear. It's all very well for the Stock Exchange Committee to fix the making-up price of Northern Pacifics for one Account and to suspend the buying-in; but that kind of thing can't last long, you know."

"And Morgans are as determined as ever to get control of the line, I suppose?"

"That's just the point. It is one thing for them to remain passive for a fortnight, let us say; but they want the shares, and naturally mean to have what they've bought."

The Stranger faced round as a third member joined the group. The new-comer took no notice of him, and he went on listening to the conversation.

"Still thrashing our dolorous donkey?" asked the third man. "Have you arrived at any conclusion as to the date of the next Yankee boom?"

"Not yet," was the unsmiling reply. "But we are pretty well agreed that it cannot come until after the End of May Settlement."

"I quite concur with your sapient suspicions," said the alliterative one. "Once we get over that without any big trouble—which may the fates forefend!—I shall lay in a few Yankees for myself again."

"And get bitten again," remarked a friend, clapping him on the shoulder. "Come down and see what they're doing in the Kaffir Market. I'm sick to death of Americans. Northern 'Pacific,' forsooth! What a calamitous contradiction in terms!"

The four of them strolled off, and The Stranger prepared to follow suit, when he heard a timid voice bidding for Firsts.

"What are Firsts?" he asked a clerk who was busily taking down some prices on a blue slip.

"Five and a-half rather sellers," was the ready response.

"Oh, I didn't mean that!" The Stranger said laughingly. "I mean, what stock do 'Firsts' represent? Your lingo is Aramaic to me."

"Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada First Preference stock,"



PROSPECTING FOR GOLD: PANNING A SAMPLE.

explained the youth. "And a jolly good buy they are, too!" he went on, with the breezy conceit begotten of early authorisation.

One of the jobbers on the kerbstone looked on with a semi-contemptuous air. "Don't listen to him, sir," he advised. "I don't think that Firsts have got the rise in them that Seconds have. And I've been in the market for nearly fifteen years," he finished, with a sigh.

"Seconds are the best of the bunch, certainly," put in another man. "The junior things are merely gambling counters. Not but what I fancy that Ordinary will go better, too, after the Yankee scatteration is cleared up a little."

"I'm going home," announced the first dealer, buttoning up his coat. "Good-night, sir," he courteously bowed.

"Good-night," returned The Stranger absent-mindedly. He was growing interested in a group standing just outside the big door of the Stock Exchange, its principal entrance.

"What are Goldfields? Goldfields!—Goldfields!" somebody was shouting.

"Under to an eighth," he was told.

"What d'you *think* of Goldfields?" a man near by demanded of his neighbour.

"Going better. So are all Kaffirs. This Yankee smash"—("They've got the Yankee smash on the brain," thought The Stranger)—"This Yankee smash will be a splendid thing for Kaffirs."

"How so?"

"Why, my dear sir, won't every speculator in the land turn his attention from Yankees to Kaffirs? Of course he will. I tell you that you can shut your eyes and buy Kaffirs till you're black in the face."

"But I don't want to be black in the face," objected the other.

"Oh well, you know what I mean. I am sure that East Rands and Goldfields and Gold Trust are all in for a biggish rise. If you don't like to buy them outright, why not have a single option?"

"What's the damage?"

"Well, the price is $\frac{1}{16}$ to $\frac{1}{8}$ for the call of Goldfields, for instance, at $\frac{1}{16}$ above the market price, for the End of June Account."

"That means to say that I pay $\frac{1}{16}$ more than the current price, in order to buy Goldfields now for the End of June Settlement, doesn't it?" asked the other, who seemed half-inclined to be business, as the Stock Exchange says.

"Yes, that's it," confirmed Number One.

"Go and give $\frac{1}{8}$ for 200 on that basis," was the order.

The Stranger caught sight of four men he had heard discussing the American position a few minutes before. One of them was saying he thought Atchison Prefs "a better buy than Rand Mines, hang it all!"

The man on his arm seemed inclined to differ, but he was overruled.

"Atch. Prefs. are worth, on their merits alone, at least 110," emphasised the tipster. "I bought my wife some in the panic the other day at 95, and shan't sell them at a cent below the price I tell you they are going to touch."

"But Rand Mines have a two-pound rise in them as soon as they begin to move."

"I dare say," put in a shabby-looking man in a long coat. "I dare say; but such heavy things are only fit for wealthy fellows like you."

"Well, what's *your* tip?" asked a fourth.

"As a speculative investment, I am a great believer in Johannesburg Goldfields at about fifteen bob. There's not much market in them, but I am told they're real good things."

"I rather fancy Transvaal Gold. Eh—what? Bidding for Randfontein, is he? It's wrong to be out of 'em, certainly."

"Hark at that Kaffir crowd," a deep voice complained close to The Stranger's ear. "And we Junglers don't get a pennyworth of orders. It's a brutal shame."

"I call it a crying scandal," concurred another. "Here have I been half-an-hour trying to undo a bargain in fifty shares, and I'll be shot if I can get level. Here, yes! Premier, did you say?" he called out to a man in the street.

"Premiers: what are they?"

"Threepence to sixpence, the figure being twelve shillings."

"Sell you a hundred," nodded the other man.

"Don't want them," grumbled the first, booking the bargain.

"They are a very wholesale tip, and I always distrust that sort. But it makes them easier for me to sell in the morning."

"Are you buying anything for yourself?" bluntly asked his friend.

"Gold Coast Investments," readily replied the first.

"Gold Coast Investments. H'm! I'll look those up," mused The Stranger, as he lit a cigar and hailed a passing hansom.

Friday, May 17, 1901.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

T. O.—The people whose letter you send us are clearly trying to avoid payment. If you are wise, you will consult an honest solicitor, and writ them without delay. The chances are that, if your amount is small, they will pay under pressure.

ISLE OF MAN.—To try and speculate so far away is really mere folly. You can only lose your money. If you would buy cheap things of the solid kind and lock them up for better times, you might make a bit; but to deal for differences, situated as you are, is certain ruin, and we refuse to help you with tips.

B. M. F.—See this week's Notes, where you will find all we have to say about Kaffirs to be bought.

NOTE.—We are obliged to go to press a day earlier than usual this week and next, so that, if letters are unanswered, correspondents must kindly excuse us.

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